



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 35 – Number 3

July 2017

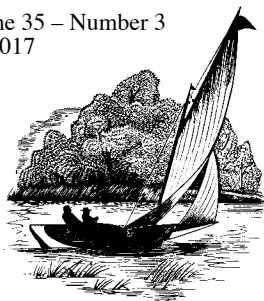
Special Features This Issue
Cedar Key Small Boat Meet
Racing Through the Panama Canal
The Darling Family and Their Coble Rescues
Return to the Finger Lakes Boat Museum
Tritonia, a 1934 Marblehead – Designing for Safety



messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 35 – Number 3
July 2017



US subscription price is \$32 for one year. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Book Review: *Canoes: A Natural History in North America*
- 8 Cedar Key Small Boat Meet, May 5-7
- 10 Racing Through the Panama Canal
- 15 The Joys of Being a Boat Nut
- 16 DCA: The Darling Family and Their Coble Rescues
- 20 JCTSCA
- 24 Return to the Finger Lakes Boat Museum
- 27 *SBJ*: End of a Love Affair
- 28 In the Fog
- 29 Mainsheet
- 30 Meanderings
- 32 Over the Horizon
- 34 *Tritonia*
- 37 *Dancing Chicken*: Part VI
- 38 Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 Build: Part 4
- 40 From the Tiki Hut
- 41 Want a Canal Boat Built?
- 42 Report from Almost Canada
- 44 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Designing for Safety
- 46 CBMM News
- 47 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: Gadabout aka "SACPAS-3"
- 50 Ship's Log
- 51 From the Lee Rail
- 52 Trade Directory
- 57 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2017



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

My summer season afloat opened on Memorial Day Weekend (how conformist can one get?) with an outing on the waters of New Hampshire's Lake Winnepesaukee. As an unanticipated sidebar to a granddaughter's wedding, a ride for the party of 12 had been offered in a 26' SeaRay Sundeck out of Meredith in the northwest corner of New England's largest lake. Yep, the editor of this obscure small boat publication was out there taking a trip on the dark side! This photo, from the maker's website, illustrates our experience, that's Jane and I back there in the stern seat.



I dunno where that term "dark side," as applied to power boats, comes from, but I hear it from time to time from aging sailors who have gone over to big power boats (trawler yachts seem to be favored) when they no longer felt they could handle the athletic component of sailing. It certainly is different from sail or human powered boats, but "dark" perhaps only to the purist believers in natural propulsion.

The Sea Ray Sundeck at 26' is a "big" powerboat from my perspective, with its 350hp I/O V-8 rumbling away down there beneath the richly upholstered rear seat on which Jane and I sat. Behind us a swim deck stuck out beyond the transom. Up front on the "sun deck" ahead of the windshields, accessed through a door/windshield section that swung aside, were seated the more adventurous half dozen keen to get the wind and spray (even a bit of solid water) in their faces.

The skipper stood at his console on the starboard side (despite a very comfortable looking swiveling bucket seat available) and, once beyond the "No Wake" zone booted the big V-8 and got us up onto a plane (despite perhaps close to a ton of human weight aboard) to hasten across open Meredith Bay to the far side for a closer look at the

wooded shoreline lined with multi million dollar summer homes. We then trundled at no wake speed (5mph) into narrow channels separating the mainland from the Stonedam Island Natural Area, a tiny fragment of what the shoreline once had been before the urban population of southern New England discovered this large (for small scale New England, anyway) beautiful body of water.

As this was only a short hour or so look-about (never getting out into the "Broads" of the main lake), we soon returned across the bay to Meredith. By now, even this early in the season, a dozen or so deep-V powerboats were criss crossing the bay creating the wakes that would soon turn the placid early morning surface of the bay into a confusion of multiple intersecting wakes and the pounding had already begun. Already it bore no resemblance to that mirror surface in the photo. Our skipper later told me that come summer's huge increase in the number of boats speeding off in all directions, leaving deep trenches walled with spreading wakes behind them, he wouldn't even go out there after early morning.

This was when my long standing lack of enthusiasm for power boating was reaffirmed. Early pre boating years' outings on my dad's 19' Century inboard on Winnepesaukee with our young family, and later a thrill ride across Ipswich Bay in a 28' Cigarette with twin 450hp I/Os at 60mph, barely touching the tops of the swells (and no pounding at all) didn't hook me.

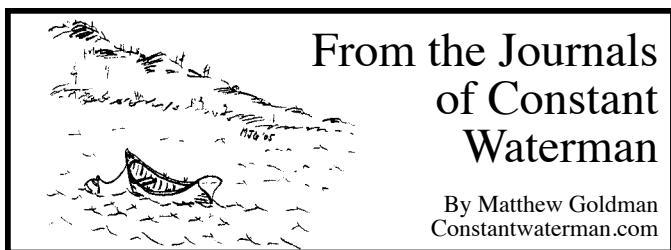
Of perhaps some passing interest to some of you, here are the specifics of this particular boat:

Overall Length: 26'7"
Beam: 8'6"
Draft Stern Drive Down: 41"
Draft Stern Drive Up: 24"
Dry Weight: 6,667 lbs
Fuel Capacity: 69 gal
Water Capacity: 20 gal
Holding Tank Optional: 18 gal
Deadrise: 19°

You might wonder what this sort of boat can cost to make it your very own? I was not so presumptuous as to ask our host what he paid for his boating fun, but I did go online to see what the market for this SeaRay 26 Sundeck was like. I found a 2016 for \$94,000 and several 2012-13 models offered in the mid \$60,000 range. Good thing I didn't step ashore with a newfound lust to have one of my very own!

On the Cover...

The Panama Canal, what a venue for a small boat race! Reader Phil Stewart recalls his "glory days" as a Boy Scout living in the Canal Zone in the early '60s with many of his photos of that wonderful time in his life, beginning on page 10.



The moon was green and the sea was yellow as Captain Salty Whiskahs and I cast off our lines and gentled *MoonWind* out of her slip and motored out to the sound.

"Salty," sez I, "we must set a course for lobstah rolls and milkshakes."

"Avast, ye lubbah," sez Salty. "Doan *MoonWind* know her way to Noank by now?"

"No, where? sez I.

"That place you can't drop yer hook in the mud," sez Salty.

"Oh, that place," sez I. "Where boats sleep peacefully at their piers, and the lobstahs eat any children what wades in the Cove?"

This is the way me an' Salty Whiskahs converses, but then we ain't but in our fourth or maybe our fifth childhoods.

If I had to write, let alone, think, like this all the time, I'd never get anything published whatsoever. And *MoonWind* most probably wouldn't allow me aboard. She has her standards, you see. Sparkman and Stephens educated their boats before they launched them.

MoonWind and I have a relationship loosely based on syntactical divagation. Not that we don't employ impeccable English while we sail from over there to about here. Aside from sentence fragments, which *MoonWind* deigns to accept, our conversation would satisfy Mister Strunk, Mister White, Mister Fowler, and, especially, Uncle Noah Webstah. No need to be alarmed by sentence fragments. What's good enough for Walt Kelly is good enough for *MoonWind*.

Now that her autobiography has been published, *MoonWind* feels a confidence that heretofore eluded her, except for those afternoons she chose to bestow her affections on local rocks. She now knows herself capable of ridding West Cove of any boulders audacious enough to avoid being on the chart.

But Salty Whiskahs was right for once in a while. Of course *MoonWind* knew her way to Noank. She lived there most of her forty years and still spends winters there if I can help it. Just point her at a lobstah roll and whisper, "Get 'em, Girl!" Nothing *MoonWind* prefers to lobstah rolls. Especially with potato chips and a view of Mystic Hahbah.

We'd a sailed up to the pier at Noank Shipyard only the wind died away to a less than a fitful whisper before we'd even rounded the nun outside the habah mouth. I dropped the mainsail into her lazy jacks, doused the genny, and started the motor. The last half-mile we puttered up the channel. We pirouetted into the wind and laid *MoonWind* alongside the pier what belongs to Abbot's Restaurant. After securing, we stretched our legs the quarter mile to Abbots. If this sounds like an excursion for unrequited lubbahs, you got that right. After a four-mile sail we deserved not only a lobstah roll, but the cole slaw and chips as well.

Salty Whiskahs indulged in a milkshake, but only, I fear, for the privilege of flirting with the young lady at the concession. It don't need twenty minutes to make a milkshake. Nonetheless he enjoyed his lunch and even picked up the tab, which he paid in Euro's. *MoonWind* was much impressed when I told her this. It ain't every crew what picks up the tab and knows how to twiddle the tiller into the bargain.

On the way home the breeze ramped up to a satisfying eight knots and heeled us over. Salty hooked his ankles over the leeward lifeline and rinsed the excess butter out of his beard. We eventually wafted into slip B44 behind Pine Island, and secured in time for aperitifs and supper. These included smoked bluefish and local ale. We then proceeded to praise *MoonWind* until she blushed, praise each other until we guffawed, and praise the day until it faded and the moon intruded herself.

Over the crackers and cheese we nearly waxed serious. 'Nearly' being the operative word as we ain't waxed all that serious in nearly half a century. The crackers and cheese sustained us, nonetheless, and the moon indulged us after her pearly fashion. We made up our bunks and turned in early, exhausted by a surfeit of conversation.

Needless to say, which is why I especially need to say it to you, Salty Whiskahs and I enjoyed our sail, and reminisced most shamelessly about our continuing boyhoods. We ain't but knowed one another forty-odd years, and this gives us liberties unbeknownst to those whom Age ain't ripened.

For those of you what's known one another for years beyond recall, I wish you the utmost pleasure in this world. There aren't but diminishing years to share such love, so if you have a friend what loves you as a sister and bonds as a brother, be especially good to each other for ever and for always.

For the tide flows in and the tide ebbs out, but friendship contrives to remain on course, notwithstanding

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman - Author and Illustrator
(860) 912-5886

To view and purchase my books and cards please visit
<http://www.constantwaterman.com>



Dan's Adventure Cruise #6

September Surprise
September 15-18

By Dan Rogers

Now it wouldn't be a complete surprise if I told you the whole plan. This trip has had varying degrees of participation over the past several years. Sometimes it was weather, sometimes it was wildfires, sometimes we just decided to "do something else." Hence the surprise.

But the current "plan" is to meet up at the Hunters, Washington, campground on Friday morning after the Port Townsend Wooden Boat extravaganza. We will attempt to make a circuit that passes the put in point about half-way, then go "the other way" for the next couple of days. There are stopping spots all over the place so this one can be pretty loose.

The small community of Hunters is our only real civilization. There's a store, a bar and a café. Lots of antique tractors. And that's about that. But the countryside is pretty interesting. Most of these views were taken on various adventures in and about Hunters over the years in September.

Something for just about everyone. Should be a pleasant surprise...





You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

Hudson River Maritime Museum "Foundations of Woodworking" Series

The Hudson River Maritime Museum announced a new series of four classes in early May, Foundations of Woodworking, designed to give beginner woodworkers background knowledge and skills in wood science, woodworking tools, joinery and shop safety. As of July, three remain to be held as follows:

Woodworking Tools – Their Use and Care
Thursday July 6, 6-10pm

In this second class students will learn about the tools in a basic woodworking kit, including layout tools, saws, chisels and planes. Each tool will be examined, its use and proper handling demonstrated, tool maintenance including fine tuning and sharpening and where to find good tools. Students are encouraged to bring their own tools for examination.

Basic Hand Joinery

Fridays, July 21, 28, August 4, 6-10pm

In the third course students will learn the basics of hand joinery, using hand tools to create a variety of woodworking joints. These three classes will provide an excellent foundation for woodworking projects at home or more advanced woodworking classes.

Machine, Tool and Shop Safety
Sunday, August 27, 10am-4pm

In this final course students will learn how to safely handle tools and machinery in a shop setting. The class will include information on the different types of machinery and their uses, safe shop practices including use of eye and ear protection, emergency protocols, and advice for setting up a home shop. This class is perfect for anyone looking to get basic safety certification with woodshop machinery or looking for best practices to take home to their own workshops.

To register, visit www.hrmm.org/classes-workshops.html or call (845) 338-0071 X16.

Riverport Sailing School Programs

The Kingston Sailing Club and the Riverport Wooden Boat School at the Hudson River Maritime Museum announce the creation of the new "Riverport Sailing School." The youth program kicks off with two one week pilot programs. Children ages 10 to 13 will meet during the week of August 7 through August 11, and teens ages 14 and up are scheduled for the week of August 14 through August 18.

Two instructors are needed for the initial youth sailing program. In addition to youth program instructors, the school will create a list of certified sailing instructors who will offer adult sailing lessons as well. Adult lessons will be offered in a variety of formats, i.e., two hour sessions on weekday evenings and four hour lessons on Saturdays aboard Riverport boats, on instructors' boats or students' boats.

The Spray Will Come Back

Maritime legend Captain Joshua Slocum (1844-1909), the first person to single handedly sail around the globe, is the celebrated subject of a new biography by author Stan Grayson and a new exhibition at the New Bedford Whaling Museum. The exhibition, "The Spray will Come Back: Solo Circumnavigator Captain Joshua Slocum," is based on Grayson's recently released biography, *A Man for All Oceans: Captain Joshua Slocum and the First Solo Voyage Around the World*. Together, the book and exhibition reveal Slocum's life story more fully than ever before.

For his new book, Grayson conducted years of research using newly uncovered source materials from Slocum's own time. In *A Man for All Oceans*, Grayson gives readers fresh insights that fill significant gaps in our understanding of Slocum's life and voyages, and provides answers to long standing questions about Slocum who, despite his celebrity in the early 20th century, remained something of an enigma.

Slocum published an account of his great sea adventure in the international bestseller, *Sailing Alone Around the World*, which has been continuously in print since 1900. In clear, graceful prose, the book has sometimes been compared to Henry David Thoreau's *Walden*. Slocum told of his voyage's perils and its pleasures. Yet in the book and in the years following its publication, Slocum revealed few personal details about his adventurous, tumultuous, sometimes violent life.

Now Grayson's *A Man for All Oceans* and the Museum's exhibition, "The Spray will Come Back," bring the man and his sloop to life once again. For more information visit www.whalingmuseum.org.



Portrait of Joshua Slocum. This photograph is believed to have been made in October 1895, shortly after Joshua Slocum's Atlantic crossing from Gibraltar to Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil. Silver gelatin print.

Gundalow Sails

Our sail calendar for the season is now available online at info@gundalow.org. We've upgraded to a new ticketing system that we're excited to be launching this season. You can also call us at (603) 433-9505 to buy tickets during normal office hours. Groups of ten or more can save 10% or, if you have 25 or more people, contact us for scheduling a special charter.

The Gundalow Co, Portsmouth, NH

Adventures & Experiences...

Nice Day on Essex River

It was a nice day on the water in May at the Essex River Race with brothers Bill and Steve. Bright sunny skies with temps in the high 50s made for perfect conditions. The race began in Essex, Massachusetts, across from the famous Woodman's Restaurant, went out the Essex River past Conomo Point, out towards the backside of Cranes Beach, around Cross Island and back up the Essex River for a total length of just short of six miles. The stiff 15kt northeasterly headwind made for some challenging rowing on the first three mile leg to Cross Island. The same northeasterly wind aided us on the return trip up the Essex River. We finished the day at the CK Pearl Restaurant in Essex with a couple of local beers, some clam chowder and fried clams.

Richard Honan, Winthrop, MA

Downsizing

I've shifted to model boat construction and have offered my present three boats for sale (see Classifieds) and also purchased a Vermont Pak Boat from your back cover advertiser at Canoeopia here in Wisconsin. It's a great boat and they are a great crew.

Rob Ecker, Sheboygan, WI

MAIB as Therapy

This is a letter that is years overdue. First I want to say "Thank You" for publishing what I consider the best and most relevant (to me) boating magazine on the market. I look forward to every issue and it has brought many, many hours of reading pleasure.

I started sailing in 1975, around 17 years old, on a friend's father's 26' sailboat. My best friend of the last 32 years, Billy "Budson" Carter (to whom I have given a MAIB subscription for several years) bought a Cal 20 in 1985 and we sailed it for several years. I have built a Bolger Gypsy, Nymph and Birdwatcher 2. I also built a Sam Devlin Winter Wren. I'm not trying to brag but to explain why I relate so much to MAIB. It matches my backyard builder mentality as well as provides insights and information that is enlightening and extremely interesting. So again, simply, thank you.

On a sad note, my friend Billy passed away last September from esophageal cancer. I started giving Billy the subscription after he lost his restaurant business after ten years and he was pretty angry for a long time. I had been getting MAIB for a while and thought it might get him interested in boating again and help him focus on happier things, which it did. Ironically, and unbeknownst to me, his mother gave him a T-shirt with Mr Rat and Mole in a boat and featuring the iconic phrase "there is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing in boats."

He got the shirt and subscription at the same time, which he considered a good omen, and it did really cheer him up and rekindle his interest in boating and spending time on the water. This was good because he owned a fleet of different vessels ranging

from windsurfers, kayaks, canoes, jon boat, Hobie 16 and a 19' sailboat that all had been ignored during his mental funk.

I would like to now renew that subscription but give it to another friend who I know will love it, John Guider, also here in Nashville. John is an internationally recognized photographer. He also wrote a book with his photos called *The River Inside* which is about how dragged his canoe across his backyard to the Harpeth River and ended up in the Gulf of Mexico via the Mississippi. He then switched to a modified CLC wherry with which he continued the great circle loop of the eastern US, eventually arriving back in Nashville. The entire trip was under sail and oars. To celebrate his 68th birthday he is competing in this year's Race to Alaska.

David Lipsey, Nashville TN

Editor Comments: We are going to locate a copy of John's book for review this summer.

Almost Ready to Start Cashing In

Wow, another year and now at 61 I'm almost ready to start cashing on all those senior benefits. My wife and I bought a house with a six stall garage in Newburgh, New York, overlooking the Hudson, a perfect place to keep a small boat, a sailboat, maybe (after the porch gets rebuilt). One of your subscribers was renting a stall from me for his rowboat for a while so it's a natural. Eventually I hope to combine some of the stalls and bring in power to make a proper workshop.

I'm still enjoying *MAIB* and I'm starting to read it more thoroughly than I have been. It's time to look in the classifieds for that boat! I forgot how hysterical the Rob White story was about the peach cobbler.

Larry King, Newburgh, NY

Movin' on With Johnny Mack

Just got back from my retirement relocation road trip. I checked out the east coast of North Carolina, it didn't immediately grab me as it was not my kind of boating. So I continued to Florida and hit the NE, NW, SE, SW and the middle. Everywhere I went I was crowded and pushed and I didn't think Florida could stand one more person on their bio load and the prices have gone nuts for desirable boating areas.

In retrospect, North Carolina started looking pretty darned good. I went back to Morehead City to take a second look and had a deposit on a ranch within the hour. My first offer was declined so without hesitation I went to Plan B which was better, much, much, much cheaper but not nearly as nice. Small, disjointed, so so workmanship, one bath, old but a much better boat building location and a half mile closer to the guts of town. So it is flawed but by far a better bachelor pad. The sale of my ranch in Barre, Vermont, is slated to close but I don't put much stock in anything saleswise until I have the cash.

I stopped in to see The Lucas in Florida, very nice setup. I was unable to knock back a dozen brews with him as I would have liked but I had to hit the road and I try not to drive while buzzed so he just showed me around and I drank, gulp, water.

In my boating world my beloved Bludgeon developed a short circuit, something about aluminum boats, sloppy wiring jobs (that'll be me) and salt water not mixing well. So as I was checking out the smoke I took my eyes off my way and buried my brand

new prop in the only rock bed within a hundred miles. It was a relief actually to get that out of the way. I always thought I couldn't consider myself a true boater unless I bury at least one prop.

Anyway it is also clear that I need a different boat and I kinda like the garvey skiffs Dave has been working on but am still thinking I should stick with what I know, aluminum and just do a better job wiring. I have a couple of victims in mind. I was pleased to see my new motor worked to spec. I left Vermont unable to check it out as every place I wanted to launch was iced over. I had an itch to hit the trail so I elected to risk it rather than wait for the H₂O phase to change. I thought it would or it wouldn't, it would, do or don't. Well, it would and it did so I couldn't have been happier.

My realtor was a good fellow and in addition to helping me find a place where I would not have to spend all my beer money on stupid things like shelter, he let me keep the Bludgeon in his yard so I could go back to Vermont to close out my northern headquarters.

Don't even have the Bludgeon done, and there are a million things to do in my new ranch, which I am not even in yet, but I got my priorities right, 1957 21' Lone Star Cruisemaster, listed as a 25-footer due to engine bracket on the back and motor overhang. Goal, turn her into a capable boat to pull up to the beaches, parks, bars, grills et al in the intracoastal and hopefully do a leg of it up to Vermont to see my old haunts or to Florida to drink as much of Dave Lucas's beer as humanly possible. Probably a year out before she sees water. Got some things to do first but thinking I'll spend three grand for a dry stack berth at least the first year I get her in the drink.



It is a very long drive but I can get back to the Green Mountain State without too much suffering or expense. Still, when I was traveling north I did not feel like I was going home. When I was traveling to North Carolina, on the other hand, I felt at ease and to date have had no buyer's remorse, which I tend to suffer from, Scottish roots, you know, and our problem spending money.

PS, I have refined the boating I most like doing. I know I go to great lengths to tell everyone I am very smart and sophisticated and I like to do boating activities such as find and destroy invasive species, pick up litter, report polluters, safety scofflaws, hooligans, white slavers, drug runners, etc (generally be the standard bearer for all things good the American way) and I kind of enjoy activities like fishing, water sports and general cruising, but I have found what I like more than anything is pulling up to an establishment for a burger and we'll just call it like it is, a couple of ice cold pink lemonades. I am thinking I won't be disappointed!

Information of Interest...

Old Ironsides

The *U.S.S. Constitution* (Old Ironsides), as a combat vessel, carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (i.e., fresh water distillers). However, let it be noted that according to her ship's log, "On July 27, 1798, the *U.S.S. Constitution* sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum." Her mission, "To destroy and harass English shipping."

Making Jamaica on October 6, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum. Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there November 12. She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine. On November 18 she set sail for England. In the ensuing days she defeated five British men of war ships and captured and scuttled 12 English merchant ships, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By January 26, her powder and shot were exhausted. Nevertheless, although unarmed she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland. Her landing party captured a whisky distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn. Then she headed home. The *U.S.S. Constitution* arrived in Boston on February 20, 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, no rum, no wine, no whisky and 38,600 gallons of water.



Projects...

Little Lagoda is on Her Way

Little Lagoda (see page 21 in June issue) was launched mid May from *M/V Navigator* with help from the Northeast Maritime Institute! I didn't get advance notice but have been able to obtain some images and a video. The GPS enabled self steering boat was launched at 1:50pm 25 miles southeast of Martha's Vineyard and 20 miles south of Nantucket. Latitude 41N Longitude 70:24W in 131' of water. See https://www.nefsc.noaa.gov/drifter/drift_ep_2016_2.html. It will ping around noon every day.

This links to images: <https://drive.google.com/open?id=0B5d1k0-3x06gbD1-2WJ5YTzwMWc>. Video is on YouTube here: <https://youtu.be/cSR2xQA133w>

Gayle P. Hargreaves, New Bedford (Massachusetts) Whaling Museum

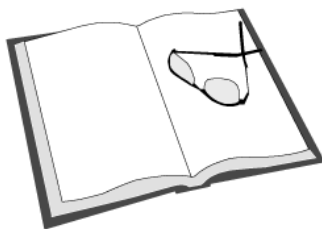
Remember the first time you looked through John Gardner's *The Dory Book* or the Durant's *The Adirondack Guide-Boat*? Did you get a sense of wonder, a wide awake day-dream, the awareness of possibilities? Dave Gerr's *The Nature of Boats* does that for me, even now. The last time I got that feeling was tearing open the box with *Traditional Boats of Ireland* in it. *Canoes: A Natural History in North America* joins that company.

There is so much I want to pile into this review, like overloading your dinghy or recreational canoe, trying to turn it into an extended expedition cruiser, but I'll pare down the load. To summarize we'll just requisition the publisher's blurb from the book jacket:

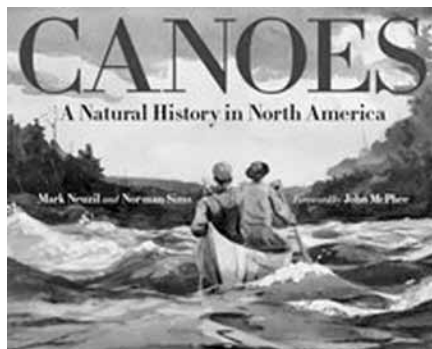
"Ancient records of canoes are found from the Pacific Northwest to the coast of Maine, in Minnesota and Mexico, in the Southeast and across the Caribbean. And if a native of those distant times might encounter a canoe of our day, whether birch bark or dugout or a modern marvel made of carbon fiber, its silhouette would be instantly recognizable. This is the story of that singular American artifact, so little changed over time: of canoes, old and new, the people who made them, and the labors and adventures they shared. With features of technology, industry, art, and survival, the canoe carries us deep into the natural and cultural history of North America.

"In the foreword by Pulitzer Prize-winner John McPhee, we dip into the experience of canoeing, from the thrilling challenges of childhood camp expeditions to the moving reflections of long-time paddlers. The pages that follow are filled with historical photographs and artwork, authors Mark Neuzil and Norman Sims describe the dugout and birch bark craft from their first known appearance through the exploration of Canada by fur traders, to the recreational movements that promoted all-wood and wood and canvas canoes through the use of modern materials such as aluminum, fiberglass, and plastic. The stories in *Canoes* are a tribute to the First Peoples who, 500 or 1,000 or even 5,000 years ago, built a craft designed to such perfection that it has plied the waters fundamentally unchanged ever since."

I have only minor quibbles with the authors. First, this is NOT a "natural history," it is a social, technological and/or cultural history, depending on the chapter (but that would look awkward on the title page). The chapters cover dugout canoes, birchbark canoes, the fur trade, all wood canoes, wood and canvas canoes, synthetic canoes, the



Book Review



Canoes A Natural History in North America

By Mark Neuzil and Norman Sims
Foreword by John McPhee
University of Minnesota Press,
Minneapolis & London: 2016

Reviewed by John Nystrom

human powered movement and canoe tripping, in that order. Logical given that is the chronological order of appearance, excepting canoe tripping, which is what the canoe has been used for throughout history. My only other quibbles (and I admit them to be tempests in a teapot) is scant mention of either skin on frame boats or the "paper" canoe of the late 19th century.

Skin on frame boats present an archeological problem of being even more temporary in nature than either dugouts or birchbark boats with the construction materials being recycled probably even before they could deteriorate away. The paper canoe was a commercial failure in the face of the low

cost and the overwhelming popularity of the wood and canvas canoe. Neither one is completely ignored.

In the fur trade chapter the adventures of one Henry John Moberly of the Hudson Bay Company include a story and quotes relating to building moose skinned canoes (p 114). As for the "Paper Canoe" that is mentioned in a communication between wooden canoe builder J. Henry Rushton and the author Nessmuk, pen name of George Washington Sears (p 140), a description of the paper canoe is better described in footnote #32 of the wooden canoe chapter.

So much for thin critique, now I can rave about the book. The text is entertaining, informative and insightful, all at once. The illustrations are incredible. Reproductions of historic drawings and etchings, great art works from famous and not so famous artists, historic photos and contemporary photos abound. Short articles appear in each chapter to highlight some person or thing that relates to the subject of that chapter. Interviews with builders for the dugout and the wood and canvas chapters, short pieces on elm bark canoes and square stern canoes.

To read part of a chapter to spur your interest in the text, GearJunkie.com apparently got permission to excerpt part of chapter 6, Synthetic Canoes, which is found at <https://gearjunkie.com/canoes-a-natural-history-in-north-america>. (Note to our esteemed editor, maybe it wouldn't be too hard to get UofMN Press to grant permission to print that or another excerpt from the book in our humble publication? It won't disappoint the readership, I'm sure.)

I have sticky notes all through my copy of quotes too delicious not to share, but there are just way too many to justify in a book review so I'll close with just one. The final chapter, Canoe Tripping, opens with, "(t)he heart of canoeing is not necessarily the materials used to construct the craft, it is the experience of paddling it... just being on the water is its own reward." (p 303). The book includes stories and quotes from canoeists Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Henry David Thoreau, Edwin Tappan Adney, Pare Lorenz, Eric Sevareid and John McPhee.

To conclude, this might just be an instant classic. Get one before it is out of print and you have to cough up \$200+ to find one on an auction site. I have a second copy, which I gave to a friend who has inspired my boating and boat building adventures, he is a true artist, and not easily impressed. This book impressed him.





Family Owned
& Operated
since 1953

Glen-L Marine Designs 60+ Years Serving Boatbuilders Worldwide

- 300 Exceptional Boat Designs
- Row/Power/Sail 5-ft. to 55-ft.
 - SUP & Surfboard Kits
- Epoxy & Boatbuilding Supplies
- Underwater & Deck Hardware

Full-sized patterns & detailed phase-by-phase instructions enable anyone to build their dream boat!

SPECIAL OFFER

- 288-page Book of Boat Designs
 - Free Dinghy Plans
 - Free Shipping
 - Free Supplies Brochure
 - \$9.95 Coupon off first order
- Send just \$9.95 to address below



"I will NEVER build another boat unless it's a Glen-L design." –Kevin

"Not in my wildest dreams could I imagine this when I started the boat"
–Bob



"Your plans for the Amigo are remarkable. Very complete & accurate."
–Mark



Glen-L Marine • 9152 Rosecrans Avenue/MA •
Bellflower, CA 90706 • 888-700-5007
Online Catalog: www.Glen-L.com/MA

Wooden Canoe Heritage Association



Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

www.WCHA.org
603-323-8992

SHAW & TENNEY

MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858



Makers of the world's finest
wooden oars and paddles.

Gear and Hardgoods for Life on the Water
800-240-4867 • SHAWANDTENNEY.COM



Scamp, RoG and GIS all headed upwind.

Cedar Key Small Boat Meet, May 5-7

Courtesy of Florida West Coast Trailer Sailors – <http://wctss.ij.net/photos159.html>

Photos by Dom Romer, Ron Hoddinott, Michael Jones, Rex Payne, Dave Lucas, Lizart Photography, Rick Scott, Simon Lewandowski, Hugh Horton and Tom Mackey



The Windrider trimarans were out and screaming across the water on Saturday. Jim Brown was there.



Meade Gougeon in *Elderly Care*, his 2017 EC Class 3 Canoe racing around on Friday afternoon.



Simon and his Goat Island Skiff.



Pushing it to the limit, Mike McGarry's Windrider came ashore on Atsena Otie's beach at 10 knots!



JF Bedard sails his *RoG* design out and crosses tack with *Puffin*, Rob Hazzard's *Scamp*.

The windy cut on Saturday.



Pathfinder out sailing with owners, Bernard and Genise Spenie.

Tosh sailing *Sea Pearl Strider* in heavy winds.





Sunday morning sunrise from the Old Fenimore Mill, Pathfinder on the hard.



Rex and Kathy's Caledonia Yawl.



Michael and Judith's Penobscot 14.

In lighter winds, JF Bedard and *RoG*, *River of Grass*.



Eric and Jane's Houdini *Belafonte* in calmer winds on Sunday.



Glen Osoling sailing his Sarasota Cat, copy of the Beetle Cat in fiberglass.

Sandpipers on the beach.



Robb White's beautiful and light Felucca design sailed by son Wes White.



Hugh Horton and friend Karen well reefed aboard Bufflehead.

Matt Layden came calling in a fine little kayak he designed.





Racing Through the Panama Canal

By Phil Stewart

The Ocean to Ocean Cayuco Race through the Panama Canal was started by Mr "Red" Townsend in the mid '50s. Participants were Boy Scouts, Explorer Scouts and Sea Explorer Scouts living in the Panama Canal Zone. I am writing of my own experiences in three of these races, 1962, 1964 and 1965. I missed the 1963 race. More on that later.

Racing began on Friday afternoon the first week of April at the Christobal Yacht Club on the Atlantic Side. Since we Pacific siders had a 50 mile drive, we had the whole day off from our Balboa High School.

Starting, we paddled out to the end of the long dock across from the Yacht Club. I think the pier was about 1,000' in length. At the end of the pier was mass confusion as all 30 or so boats had to make a hard 90° left turn.



Mass confusion at the first turn.

Boats collided and some took on water before they got straightened out and resumed paddling a few miles in the Atlantic before turning left again for the short stretch to the finish line at Gatun Locks a distance of about nine miles. Sometimes the short Atlan-

tic stretch was rough and compounded by waves from ships going into the Canal or others headed out to sea. I don't think we ever locked through the Gatun Locks but we did lock through Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks at the Pacific terminus of the Canal some years.



Day 1 ends at the sea level entrance to Gatun Locks. Day 2 begins at the upper end of the locks. There is no transit of the locks.

On the second day of the race, Saturday, we started on the Gatun Lake side of the locks and paddled through the Banana Channel and on to Gamboa, a small town where the Dredging Division was headquartered and several of the world's largest floating dredges were moored. This was the longest leg of the race, about 19 miles, and the day we all dreaded and practiced hard for.

Sunday we locked through Pedro Miguel Locks and paddled about a mile to Miraflores Locks, then onward passing Pier 18 under the Bridge of the Americas. We passed what was left of the WWII submarine pier and on to the finish line at the Balboa Yacht Club in Fort Amador. The finish line changed over time to the Mine Docks at the end of the Causeway and across the Canal to the Rodman Naval Base. The race was probably a total of 45 miles in length more or less. Each leg was timed by the Race Committee.



Tied up at the Las Cruces Landing awaiting passage through Pedro Miguel Locks.

There were about 30 boats in the race in the '60s, fewer in the first races in the '50s. There were two classes of boats back then, Trophy boats with four man crews and Patch boats that participated for the coveted Cayuco Race Patch to wear on their Scout uniform. The only Patch boat I remember was the *Slave Galley*, carved out of a single tree 43' long with a crew of 14 and a coxswain. Scouts who didn't have a boat and wanted the patch crewed in the *Slave Gal-*

ley. It would be interesting to hear comments from former *Slave Galley* crew members.

The trophy was presented to the boat that won the race that year. It would stay in their possession for the year. If that boat won three consecutive years in a row the trophy was retired and it stayed with the sponsor of that troop. Race winners were all presented with medals to wear on their uniforms along with the Patch. I still have my medals and patches.

El Bejuco was sponsored by the Balboa Union Church, Post 21. About a week before our first race in *Bejuco* in 1964 I was working on my dad's fishing/ski boat. I stood up quickly and bumped my head on the foot of the outboard motor, resulting in about a 1½" long cut. Bleeding all over, I was driven to the ER at Gorgas Hospital where the doctor stitched me up. Then he warned me not to get it wet for at least a week or so. I told him I was in the Cayuco Race the next week and pneumonia had kept me out the previous year. No way was I going to miss this year's race, too. So he covered the stitches with some kind of goo that looked like epoxy. The cut was waterproof and I was good to go.

El Bejuco was the first boat to retire a trophy and the first to win and break time records in its first two years. The only leg we lost was the short mile stretch between Pedro Miguel and Miraflores locks in 1965. For some reason the Race Committee started us off with *Bejuco* in the middle of the pack in the confined space of Miraflores Lock. They should have put the fastest boats up front. We took on a lot of water at the start of that very short leg. With three crew paddling furiously and one bailing we fought our way through the pack and came in second.

Bejuco's crew was Rick Williams, Ronnie Carrol, Ken Phillips and I. We graduated from Balboa High School in 1965 and were not eligible to compete in 1966. With another crew, *Bejuco* won in 1966 and retired the trophy. They also won in 1967. Our Scoutmaster, Mr Williams, retired *Bejuco* at that point.



My first Cayuco race was as a high school freshman in 1962. I was Captain of a "peragua" styled boat, a wooden cayuco used by some natives that didn't have the faster sharp bow. I was a member of Ship 8. Post 21 was sponsored by the Balboa Union Church with Mr Williams as Scoutmaster. Ship 8 had no religious affiliation, which would be obvious to those who knew us. We were lucky, however, having two Panama Canal pilots, Captain Whitehead and Captain Hill, to organize and lead us. When we burnt out one with our antics the other stepped in and took over. Stress on them was a weekly affair.

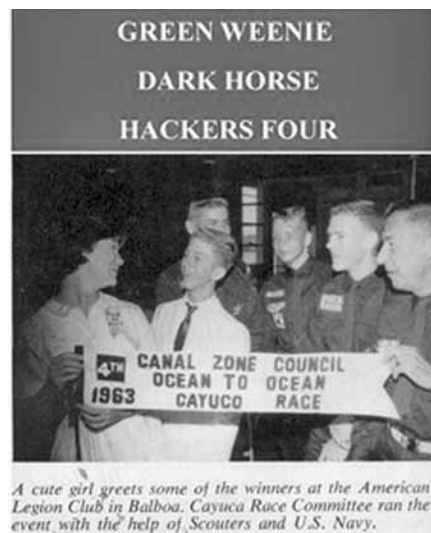
Our Sea Scout meetings were held once a week, generally Monday evenings. They were held in a small wooden building in the parking lot of the Port Captain's office, not far from Pier 18. It had a yellow outline of a ship painted on the floor. To further define a ship it had a pipe rail around the perimeter with a line running from post to post and a ship's mast. We lined up at the start of the meeting and one by one we stepped forward and saluted the mast and asked "permission to come board, sir?" That was generally the most serious part of the meeting. It went downhill from there. Alcohol was involved.

My crew consisted of Paul Robinson, Jack Powers, Matt Manning and I. Three of us were about the same height and weight, skinny. Matt was taller and heavier. This was not a problem until we were swamped and capsized on the last day of a race under the Bridge of the Americas, less than a mile from the finish line at the Balboa Yacht Club. We were all a bit nervous and wanting to get back in the boat remembering the large sharks caught at the Yacht Club so near.

We got our cayuco righted and most of the water out by shifting the boat fore and aft several times, spilling water out of both bow and stern. We were motivated to get our paddles and lifejackets back on and get underway as soon as possible, not only for fear of circling sharks but also, by this time, the Race Committee boat was circling us, making waves and warning us with their loud megaphone that we were in jeopardy of being disqualified if we didn't get underway soon.

Getting back into the boat was easy for us lighter guys. However, Matt presented a problem. Every time he tried getting in he would swamp us. So after his third failed try the three of us got on one side to steady the boat for Matt who was on the other side. It worked and soon we were paddling and bailing. We crossed the finish line in 14th place. We figured we would have been in 10th if we hadn't swamped. I was happy that we finished, considering, and 14th wasn't so bad after all. Shortly after that Mr Williams asked me if I wanted to join Post 21, which I was happy to do.

I was a crewmember in the 1963 race in the *Green Weenie*. I don't remember who chose that name. It was the first of about four or five boats my dad, Fred Stewart, and his helpers built for us. I was hospitalized with pneumonia at the time of the race and Bruce Douglas replaced me. They came in third. I think Bruce did a great job with such short notice. The other crewmembers were Rick Williams, Ken Phillips and Pete Hendrickson.



The *Green Weenie* crew, Bruce Douglas, Ken Phillips, Pete Hendrickson, Rich Williams and Queen Sue Lessiack celebrate a third place finish (despite holding the fourth place banner).

The cayucos were carved out of single logs in the jungle by Panamanian natives using hand tools only. They were very rough when we got them. They cost about a dollar a foot back then. Then the work began for us to transform them into sleek racing boats. My dad and his crew of helpers sanded and faired the hulls to about 3/8" thickness, building up the gunnels to take the weight of the crew, installed backrests, added keels and canvas covers with wave breaking trim fore and aft.

The crewmembers would hand sand the outside and inside smooth for priming and spray painting. The finish was beautiful. Dad sprayed our boats with Atlantic Green marine paint and we kept them waxed. All our boats were fast, not just *Bejuco*, whose identification number was P-21-1.

Post 21 boats were *El Bejuco*, *Green Weenie*, *Dear Dick*, *Dark Horse*, *Hackers Four*, *Rum Runner* and *Red Eye*. *Bejuco* was 22' in length, 22" beam and weighed 180lbs. After *Bejuco* was finished we kept it at Ken Phillip's house in Diablo across from the Diablo Spinning Club which had a boat ramp. We practiced after school about three

The first year of *El Bejuco*, 1964. Ken Phillips, Ron Carroll, Queen Gail Bohannon, Phil Stewart and Rick Williams.





The boats then pass through the locks at Pedro Miguel, cross Miraflores Lake, transit Miraflores Locks and then sprint to the finish line.



Going south through Miraflores Locks are some of the cayucos that took part in the annual cayuco race. Accompanied by an escort craft, the small boats received the same service as the largest ocean liner.

times a week, paddling out to the Mine Dock at the end of the Causeway and back, about nine miles. Most Saturdays we made a long run in the Canal with other Post 21 cayucos. We practiced hard for about four months so we'd be in shape for the run from Gatun Locks to Gamboa, about 25 miles. We wouldn't disappoint Mr Williams and my dad who had put so much effort doing their part.

The real hero and spark plug for Post 21 was our Scoutmaster, mentor and friend, Mr Richard A. Williams, Rick and Scott's dad. He organized everything for us including purchasing our boats from the natives, arranging transportation for our boats on race weekend to the Atlantic side, running our weekly Scout meetings and carrying out endless behind the scenes work to ensure our success for many years. We would not have enjoyed the fun we had and wonderful scouting events without his leadership.

A great guy in every way, I really miss him and Mrs Williams. Their family played a large part in my youth in the Zone. What a place to grow up!

12 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2017



Ready Set Go: Lined up at Gamboa are the cayucos taking part in the 15th Annual Coast to Coast Cayuco Race. The Gamboa to Balboa stretch was the final lap of the race.



After the finish, crewmembers of *El Bejuco* pause to catch their breath after winning the 1966 Ocean to Ocean Cayuco Race. At the right is *El Corredor de Ron* which took second place. The boats, both from the Explorer Post 21, duplicated their finishes in the 1965 race.

Winners of Cayuco Race, Post #21, Boat #1. From left to right; Ken Phillips, Phil Stewart, Ronnie Carroll, Rick Williams, March Adair, Queen of the Cayuco Race, Advisor Mr Henry J. Williams, Post Committee Chairman Mr Richard Williams, Admiral Bryan presenting the award.



Cayucas and piraguas are native built boats rough hewed out of the trunk of a single tree. These boats have been the mode of transportation in Panama for many years, either paddled, with sail, or motorized.

Race rules regarding the cayuco construction:

"The cayuco is constructed from a hollowed out tree trunk. Each cayuco must be a minimum of fifteen feet in length as originally cut from a locally grown tree. Cayucos must always maintain the original hull and length minimum. Extensions to the bow and stern made entirely from locally acquired wood may be added. The gunwales of the cayuco may also be raised with locally acquired wood. All cayucos may add non-movable seats, back rests, bow and stern splash covers, non-moveable trim tabs, as well as wooden keels".



Cayucos resemble a canoe in the bow and stern. A piragua has a more open end to the bow and stern.



a piragua

The racing boats bear little resemblance to the original hollow log boats purchased from the native builders. The boats are trued up by building up the gunwales with layers of wood strips, and smoothing, painting, and polishing the hull: adding seats and covering the bow and stern to keep water from washing over and swamping the boats. Troop 21 and Post 21 had a successful program in the 1960's with the "green fleet". For the 1962 race, Troop 21 made crews their own paddles and used them in the race.

The Slave Galley



The *Slave Galley*, a patch boat, was the largest cayuco in the race. A patch boat is entered for the purpose if winning a patch, it cannot win the trophy. It measured 43' and was manned by 14 boys. It placed first as a patch boat. From left to right: John Borrero, a senior, Wesley Braswell, a senior, Alex Esparsa, a sophomore, Hap Pruitt, a junior, Coleman Anderson, a junior, Stanley Wright, a senior, Paul Vino, a sophomore, Jim Thompson, a senior, Larry Quinn, a senior, Mike Beattie, a junior, Fred Webster, a senior, and Pat Donaldson, a senior.

Caiche Si Puedes and Better Dead than Red



Better Dead Than Red was manned by David Denny, a junior, Gary Poock, a senior, Dennis Dorff, a junior and Harry Stinson, a junior. *Caiche Si Puedes* crew was Trenton Price, a senior, Louie Husted, a senior, Alfred Creque, a junior and Jim Jenner, a senior (not in photo). Their boat placed fourth.





Highlights from the 1963 Race

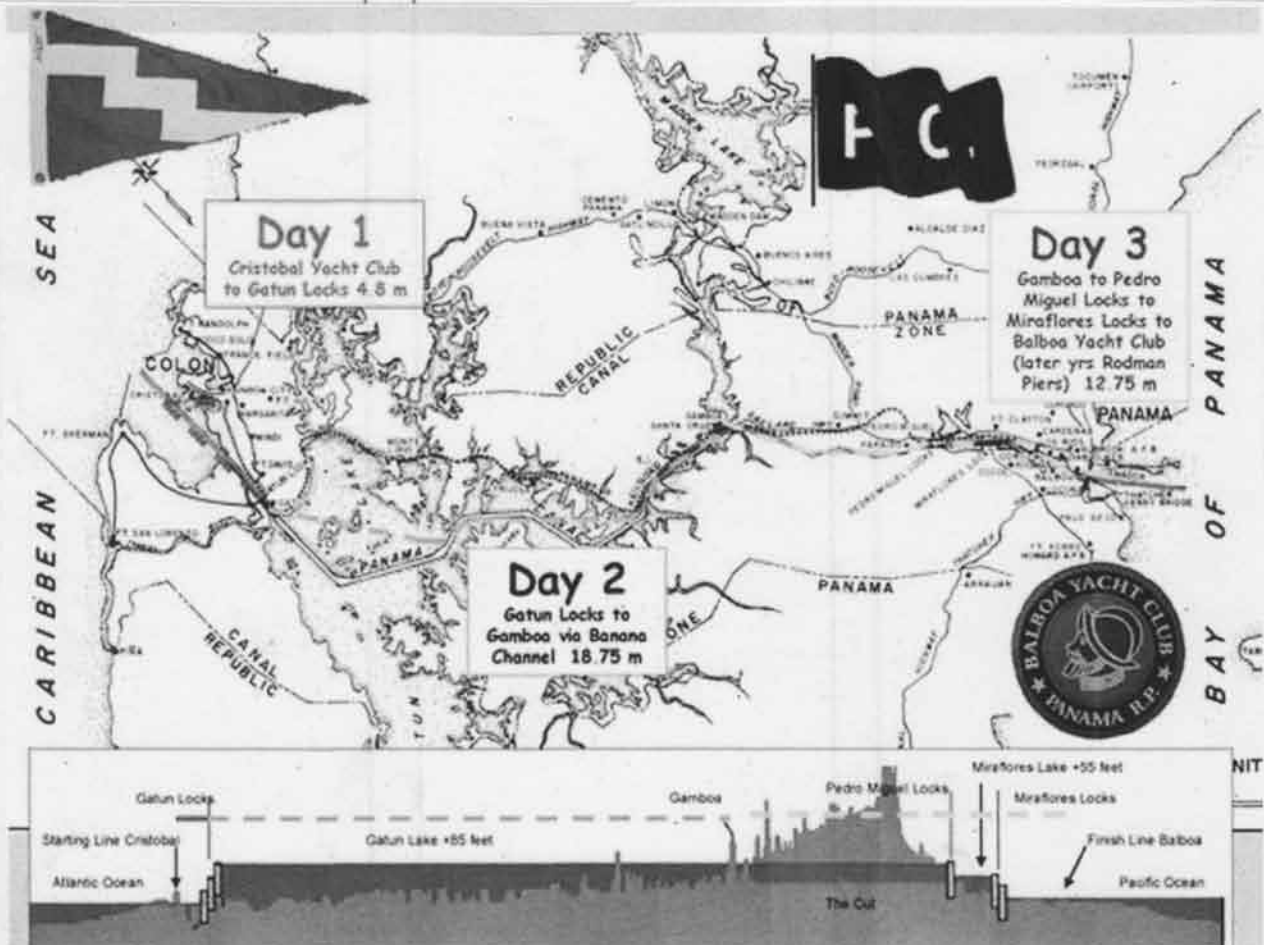
BOYS LIFE March 1964



Furious paddling caused many boats to swamp but the safety crews were on the spot in seconds. Twenty-five escort boats provided by the Canal Zone Power Squadron stood by for any trouble.



Nearing the end of their 50 mile three day race through the Panama Canal, 144 Canal Zone Council Explorers reach a calm stretch on Miraflores Locks, a few miles short of the end of the race at Balboa on the Pacific Ocean.



I've been reading *MAIB* for a long time. A friend of mine subscribed and loved it and got me to subscribe and I loved it, too. And it came every other minute back then. I could hardly keep up with it. Every time the mailman came he brought a copy it seemed. When Bob switched over to once a month I was pretty close to crushed, but I've gotten used to it. The way time passes now that I'm older it still seems to come pretty quickly. And I love it just as much as I ever did. I'm sure you do, too.

Because of this magazine I have become a totally confirmed boat nut. Once I started to see that there were others out there, I started to feel OK about my obsession. For a while, when I was still working, my wife would say things to slow me down. I mean I wanted to put a sail on everything. Even things that I could happily paddle or row I thought could always be improved by a sail or two. So I did some conversions. I turned an 8' dinghy (sort of a Haggerty Seashell I have since found out) into a nice little sailer.

Dagger board: I built both the case and the board and felt pretty accomplished. The rudder I cut down from another boat. The mast I used from another boat but had to put in the step and the partner. And I read Phil Bolger on center of effort and center of lateral resistance to kind of get things set up about right. And it all worked. I sailed that thing all over the place.

One day at Crescent Beach up in Owls Head, Maine, where I'd been horsing around out front, somebody said to me, "You're pretty handy in that thing." And I was pretty proud. My sail rig and me. And isn't that what is good about all this. It was not really a tremendous feat to refit a dinghy to sail. Someone else built the dinghy and the rudder and the mast. But it was my first venture and I felt as proud as could be and wanted more.

I bought a rebuilt 14' Swampscott dory that Dave Cookingham, an old tugboat captain who was then working for Art Stanley up in Owls Head, had fixed up. It looked gorgeous but he warned me, "This boat is neither fish nor fowl. It's a wooden boat but it's been plastered all over with epoxy resin. You're going to have to learn a lot to keep up with it."

And he was right. It got soaked inside in a rainstorm just after I brought it home on the roof of my '84 Buick. I don't believe I could get a 14' dory off the roof of an '84 Buick now. Not without two or three guys helping. I did then somehow. I remember Art and I put it up there. One at either end and up she went. Wow.

Anyway, after the rainstorm this boat, which looked so beautiful, gorgeous lines and just as smooth and pretty as you'd want, kind of swelled up and opened up some of those epoxied seams where the garboards met the bottom. And so the repairs began. I learned about fiberglass and epoxy resin. And I decided it wanted to be a sailboat, too. I built a centerboard trunk. A step up from a daggerboard. And the centerboard, I poured the lead into it. Boy, was that fun to melt metal over little campfire and pour it into the board. Smoke pouring out of my new centerboard. I felt about as old timey as can be. Then it cooled and I got a nicely weighted centerboard.

I made the mast out of a spruce tree I cut off our property in Maine. I just took off the bark, shaped it a bit and sanded it smooth. I filled the checks that began to form with beeswax. I'd read about it somewhere, John Gardner maybe? And it really worked. I remember having to track down a supplier of

The Joys of Being a Boat Nut

And It's All Bob's Fault!

By Paul Murray

beeswax, a guy in Tolland, Connecticut, who raised bees. I still have a good supply.

I varnished the mast. I fitted a sail to it, I cut down an old Lightning sail. I fashioned a boom out of a spruce 2"x4". I decided I needed a jib. I built a rudder, oak with bronze drifts. I made a tiller. I read all about it as I worked. It was high excitement. This is what kids with hot rods used to do, right?

I wish we had more young people who were into boats and cars and figuring out how to do things. It seems to me now that many young people just want a car that goes from zero to 60 before they can blink and they just buy them. They work for someone else making lots of money so they can buy their fun. Corporate fun. So then they are beholden to the corporation that gives them the money and the car or the boat. Young people are going to be surprised pretty soon that they are totally hopeless without lots of money and things they can buy.

Trump ran on a theme of making America great again. Oh, you mean like before moneyed interests took over everything and convinced everybody that nobody could do anything unless they hired someone? Back when we were independent and clever and willing to work and weren't greedy and would help each other? Oh, like the Messing About in Boats community? I don't know if Trump understands anything much about that.

Where was I? Well, I decided to take a boat building course offered by Mystic Seaport. I don't remember what year it was. It was still in the era when I cruised around in the '84 Buick LeSabre, what a car. Part luxury, part pickup truck. I drove it until it dropped. Actually it still ran fine but it was a two door and that door was long. And when I opened it, it dropped a bit. Quite a bit at the end. And there were holes in the floor. Two hundred twelve thousand miles and still humming, but it was too rusty to trust.

Barry White was the boat builder at Mystic and a young sprout by the name of Bill Sauerbrey was his assistant. Bill now works for Beetle (I think it is Beetle). At the time he owned some kind of cool old wooden boat, a sharpie? I can't remember really, but now and then he'd sail to class and tie up outside the place where we worked. I don't know if he lived on it or just brought it over to show us.

Mystic was a cool place, is a cool place, and I loved that course. We didn't build a boat, it was a surveying course. We learned a little about a lot. I remember sharpening. I'd brought down a chisel I thought was pretty sharp, one of my dad's old chisels. Barry asked if anyone had a chisel he could work

on. No one volunteered. I hesitated to volunteer because I figured he wanted someone who had a tool that need to be sharpened. Mine was all set to go.

I finally stuck up my hand and said, "I've got one." Barry took it and looked at it. He said, "This one is pretty bad but I think I can fix it." I thought he must be being sarcastic but he wasn't. He worked on that thing grinder, then stones and when I got it back it was a different tool. My god. I didn't know what sharp was. And I thought I did. I learned a lot.

I was in total boat heaven. We learned about fairing lines and lofting and spiling, lapstrake and carvel planking and caulking and we all cut a stem rabbet. I still have mine in the cellar. We talked about transoms. We talked about epoxy vs the old traditional ways. I remember Barry held up a piece of rudder that was 80 years old, oak and bronze drifts and how they were going to replace it with an epoxy and plywood one. He wasn't sure the new one would last as long. We weren't either. I guess we'll know in another 60 years. Isn't longevity something? I've got a 1939 Ford 9N tractor. Still runs.

When we "graduated" from this course, I think it was six or eight weeks of Tuesday nights, we were given a set of plans for a 13' Chamberlain dory. We were told we could build it. Well, I already had a 14' dory. I wanted something else.

Mystic also has a boat livery. If you don't know about this you ought to. You can go rowing in any number of wicked cool old boats. The Herreshoff *Green Machine*. *Captain Hook*, a Chamberlain 10' dinghy. You can try rowing with thole pins. I rowed something one day that had single thole pins. Wow! It had a piece of string to hold the oars in place on the recovery. You can sail Beetle Cats, too. Sharon Brown used to be there. She's probably not there anymore but she was interesting and interested.

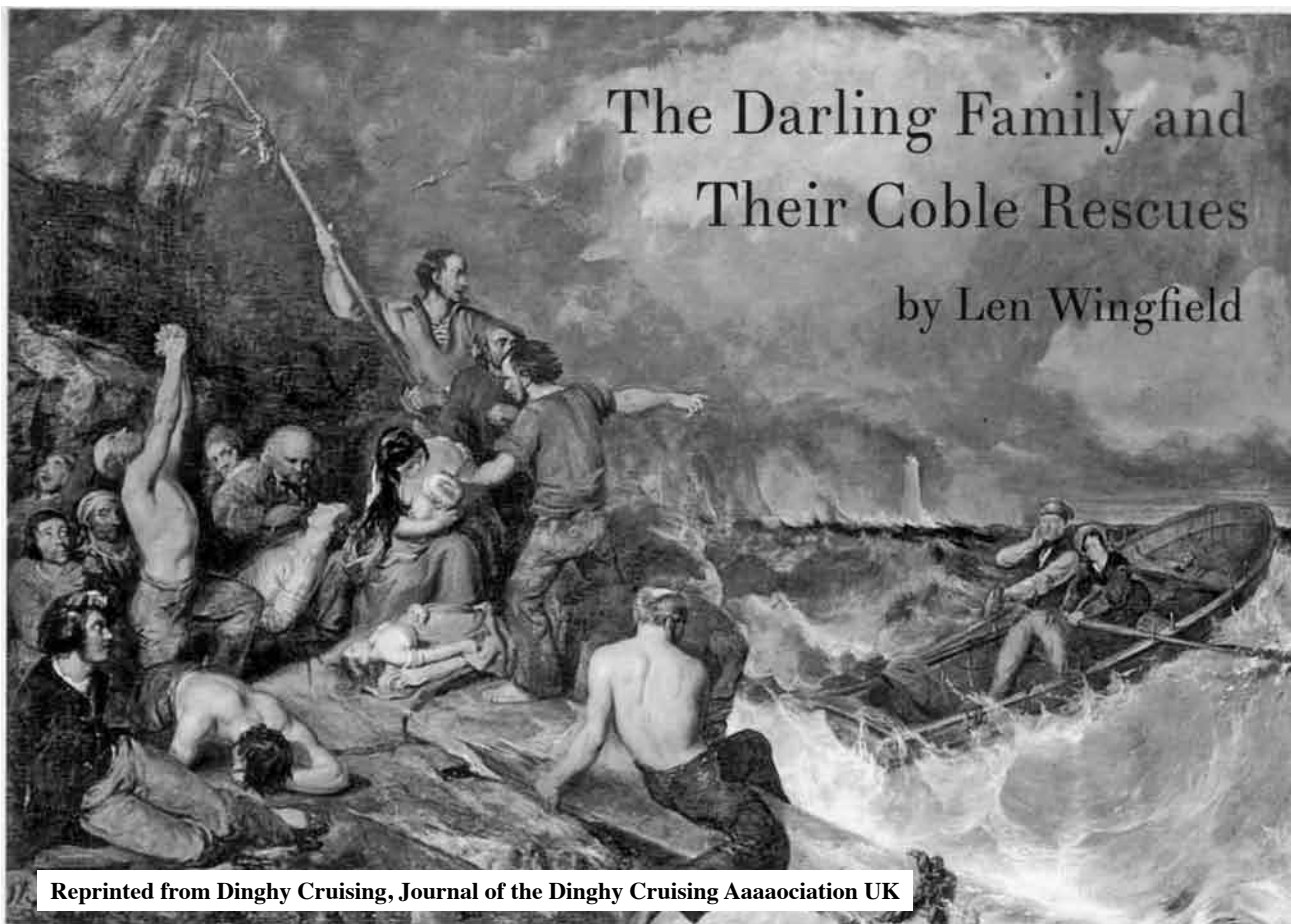
I bought John Gardner's *Dory Book* and picked out plans from Mystic drawn by Rob Pittaway for a 17'2" Swampscott dory to build in our cellar. Yes, I measured the doorway to make sure I could get it out. Our son took up hockey about then and my boat building time became extremely limited. We took off for Owls Head for the summer and messing about up there and with hockey practice twice a week and games on the weekends, it took me seven years to finish the dory. I did though, and was some proud of that. What a boat!

And I want to tell you about it sometime but for now all you get is this picture and this article about how cool it is to be a confirmed boat nut.



The Darling Family and Their Coble Rescues

by Len Wingfield



Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

Grace Darling's story brought out the worst excesses of sentimental and melodramatic reporting in the popular press. Here the artist Thomas Musgrave Joy offers his fourpennyworth and presents people from the SS *Forfarshire* who the public would recognise from the newspapers, including the wretched young woman who could not bear to be parted from her dead babies and the man of the cloth (seen here ministering to the wounded or dying man), who was travelling on the *Forfarshire* solely for the good of his health but did not ultimately survive the experience. You can also pick out which able-bodied men might have helped Darling senior to row off the lee shore to safety, and perhaps the two who returned with him to collect the remainder of the victims. (In fact there were eight men and one woman alive on the rock, not fourteen as shown here.)

The painting does have a redeeming feature. For once Grace and her father are shown approaching the Harker Rock correctly – backwards and plying the oars to stop the boat taking charge and wrecking herself. A true coble has a forefoot that is deeper than her bottom, primarily to allow the boat, under sail or oar, to be launched from a beach with its deep stern to seaward, when it keeps the boat straight and steady. The same applies to landing. The shallow but buoyant stern actually helps the coble to inch backwards up a steep beach on her drafts (the two bottom runners, aft) and the stern clogs, as surf washes under the boat (drawings next time). They were even towed backwards by other craft – it was safer – but not often rowed that way, as some writers have claimed. Had the Darlings run their coble in head first, as we would do our dinghies, the deep stern would have caught in the rocks and her wide clinker 'strokes' (strakes) would have been sprung out of the rabbets in the apron –Editor.

THE COBLE featured in Bulletin 228 brings to mind Grace Darling's famous *Forfarshire* rescue, the story of which is said to be part of the National Curriculum for Schools.

As a schoolgirl's role model Grace 'ticks all the boxes': she was brave, modest, well-read, hardworking and virtuous, but the Grace Darling Song used in schools is wildly inaccurate and denigrates her heroic father. The song goes:

'Said Grace, "Come help me father,
We'll launch the boat," said she.

Her father cried, "Tis madness to
face that raging sea!"

Then after they launch:

"Then spoke the maiden's father,
"Return or doomed are we."

– But she responds: "Alone I'll brave
the sea."

A popular picture even goes further, showing Grace rowing alone to the rescue, and in a tiny boat barely fit for a corporation boating lake! Utter rubbish!

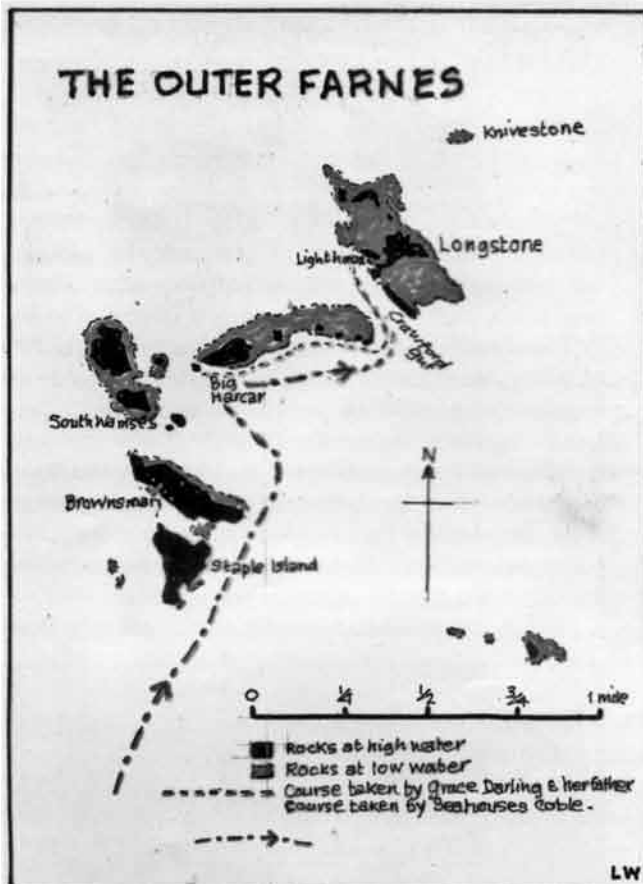
The facts are that four years before, William Darling, the Longstone Lighthouse keeper, with two of his sons, had had been the heroes of a far more dangerous rescue. In 1834 a sailing ship had struck the Knarve Stone (Knarvestone) Rock, about a mile out to sea northwest of the Longstone. The lighthouse log reads:

'Wind S by E fresh gale (Force 8,

34-40 kts, wave height 5.5m). 11pm. The sloop *Autumn* ... to Petershead, struck east point of Knarvestone and immediately sank. Crew of three men, two lost, one saved by lighthouse keeper and three sons, viz. William, Robert and George, after a struggle of three hours. Having lost two oars on the rock, had a very narrow escape.'

By contrast the log entry for the *Forfarshire* rescue merely reads '... nine rescued by the Darlings. The cargo consisted of superfine cloths ...

William's daughter Thomasin wrote, 'It is very likely that the proposal to aid her father in the boat first came from Grace, but had not he himself thought the attempt



practicable, he was not the man to endanger her life and his own in weak concession to girlish importunity.'

As for turning back, it would have been impossible without a full crew to row against the strong wind. We can therefore take it that William was very much in charge of the *Forfarshire's* rescue and not only he and Grace, but his wife, and later a son, took part.

The *Forfarshire* was a fine cargo ship of some 400 tons with luxurious passenger accommodation; a paddle steamer with auxiliary sail on three masts, and only four years old. On 5th September 1838 she was bound to Dundee from Hull when in heavy weather off St Abbs the boilers failed and the engine stopped.

The captain made sail and headed south hoping to reach the shelter of the Inner Farnes island, or more likely to Tynemouth beyond for repairs.

With paddlewheels on either side the *Forfarshire* would have been difficult to control in the heavy seas. During the night the captain 'misjudged his course in tremendous seas and gale force winds' and struck the big Big Harker (or Harker) rock some three or four hundred yards from the Longstone Light. Some say that it was because he mistook the Inner Farnes light for the Longstone light. The ship soon broke in half and the stern sank, but eight crewmen managed to launch the ship's boat and got away with one male passenger. They were picked up by

a sailing ship later. The bow section with the remaining survivors remained stuck fast on the rock.

In the Longstone lighthouse Grace Darling saw the wreck at a quarter to five in the morning, but owing to the darkness and spray going over her, 'despite continuous watch could not observe any person on the wreck' until seven o'clock when movement was seen. William correctly judged that it would be impossible to launch the local Seahouses (North Sunderland) lifeboat in the conditions, and Grace may have been the first to suggest that they should make a rescue attempt.

Unfortunately William's sons were on shore so he had only Grace to help row their heavy boat, which really needed a crew of four to six powerful oarsmen. William was fifty-two, an outstanding oarsman, but once launched he and Grace would be unable to row the heavy coble back against the wind unaided. If washed ashore in the fearful breakers or dashed against the rocks they would die. Their only chance lay in finding strong oarsmen among the survivors to help row back. William weighed up the odds and decided to take the chance.

Somehow, with the help of William's sixty-three year old wife they got the heavy boat from where it had been secured against the storm, and launched into the relatively sheltered Crawford Gut, probably using greased wooden skids. The boat, a heavy Northumbrian coble, has been preserved and can be viewed in the RNLI Museum at Bamborough. It is 21ft 6ins long and five feet beam, similar to the coble illustrated on the cover of *DC229*, but with less sheer. Apart from that and the modern dress, that photograph could almost be of the Darling's launch.

To shelter from the strength of the strong wind and rough seas William took a roundabout route, taking what protection he could from the rocks. The tide seems to have been low, giving maximum shelter.

They went southerly through the narrow Crawford Gut, then westerly in the lee of Clove Car, closing the Harker rock on the sheltered side, (a route William knew intimately since it led to his vegetable garden on



Two excellent paintings of Grace Darling: (left) watercolour sketch by Henry Perlee Parker (Nov. 1838) and a view by Horatio McCulloch (right), also 1838, in which she presents as a real woman for once – and one who is perhaps becoming impatient with all the lurid hype?



Her blonde hair is not the only problem here ...

the Brownsman Island.) It would have been very difficult to keep the coble on course and one of JW Carmichael's convincing paintings shows Grace with her father rowing on opposite sides, one oar each. On another painting she is shown steering by oar while her father rows with one oar only. Both paintings could be correct: they would have rowed according to the changing wind strength, sheltered or full blast, and to their change of direction. They would often be heading at a wide angle from their course to compensate for severe windward drift. Not only would tide height have been a critical factor, but also the direction of tide flow, ebbing northeast until ninety minutes before low water, then flooding to the southeast. When forced through the narrow gaps between the rocks the tide-streams accelerate. (The yacht pilot book warns that in one passage at maximum spring tides the flow runs

so fast that yachts would best negotiate the gut under motor, stern first!)

Having reached the Harker, William leapt ashore to assess the situation, leaving Grace alone in the big coble with the very difficult and demanding task of preventing it being smashed against the rocks. She would have used both oars in this. William found nine people still alive on the rocks, including an injured man and a woman still carrying her two dead babies. As they could not carry all the survivors in one trip, they first took five, including the distraught woman and injured man, with Grace to tend them, and crucially three strong crewmen to help William row the coble back against the wind. (Yet another painting shows only William rowing with one oar and Grace steering with the other, with three able-bodied men just sitting there. This is utter nonsense!)

After landing the passengers, William rowed back with the crewmen to the Harker for the other survivors. All were safely back on the Longstone by nine in the morning, but as the conditions onshore were still far too bad to land the survivors, the rescue drama was not over.

Although William had been correct in assuming that it



The Longstone lighthouse. Grace's bedroom (and lookout) lies behind the upper window in the white band
(Below) one of many versions by Carmichael – in this one she is steering by oar (see text)





Museum model of the Darlings' coble. Note deep stem—Ed

would not be possible to launch the Seahouses lifeboat in the conditions, and its crew of seven (including William's son William Brooks Darling) had indeed tried and failed, they had then with great skill and courage somehow managed to get away in a fishing coble. On reaching the Harker they were surprised to find the survivors gone. Unable to return to land because of the fearful onshore breakers they carried on for shelter at the Longstone. There the survivors and rescuers were marooned by the weather for three days. Even then they were still unable to land at Seahouses, and were forced to row on to the tiny but more sheltered haven of Beadnell, where the survivors were safely landed at last.

A local bigwig took it on himself to set up a parody of an inquest where essential witnesses were prevented from speaking and wild allegations made were by a survivor who was later discredited. Even though a second and more reliable inquest was held, the full facts of the disaster were never established. However it was found that the boilers had not been inspected (it was not mandatory then). It is quite likely that the collapse of a boiler stay led to catastrophic leakage.

The newspaper reports were wildly inaccurate, and Grace was besieged by visitors. She was however greatly embarrassed by claims that she had to cajole her father into attempting the rescue, and then had to persuade him to go on when he wanted to go back. Once launched they could not have got back alone even if they had tried! Both Grace and her father were awarded the RNLI Gold Medal and the Royal Humane Society Gold Medal.

Poor Grace died of consumption only three years later, and her sister Thomasin wrote a reliable account of the rescue, *Grace Darling: Her True Story*. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland understood the true facts and befriended the Darlings. One gift that was greatly

appreciated was waterproof clothing made by the new Mackintosh process.

Sources for these notes include the RNLI Grace Darling Museum's excellent booklet and Jessica Mitford's, *Grace Had an English Heart*, but I have also sailed out to the Fame Islands by open boat a number of times, sometimes singlehanded and by sail and oar only. I have sailed through the Crawford Gut, past the Darling's launching place.

There is a mystique surrounding cobs. Their unique shape has evolved to suit beach landing in the fearful northeast coast breakers, and is still commonly seen in large motorised fishing cobs, but my feeling is that the high quality of the northeast coast fishermen rather than the shape of their boats is the most important factor. Years ago John Seymour famously sailed a coble to the Baltic, but did he sail it back against the prevailing winds?

(*The Dinghy Cruising Association offer their excellent Fame Islands Pilot online.*) LW

William Darling's Letter to the RNLI:

Dear Sir,

In answer to your request of 29 ult., have to state that on the morning of the 7th September, it blowing gale with rain from the north, my daughter and me being both on the alert before high water securing things out of doors, one quarter before five my Daughter observed a vessel on the Harker's rock; but owing to the darkness, and spray going over her, could not observe any person on the wreck, although the glass was incessantly applied, until near 7 o'clock, when, the tide being fallen, we observed three or four men upon the rock; we agreed that if we could get to them some of them would be able to assist us back, without which we could not return; and having no idea of a possibility of a boat coming from North Sunderland, we immediately launched our boat, and was enabled to gain the rock, where we found eight men and one woman, which I judged rather too many to take at once in the state of weather, therefore took the woman and four men to the Longstone. Two of them returned with me, and succeeded in bringing the remainder, in all nine persons, safely to the Longstone about 9 o'clock.

Afterwards the boat from North Sunderland arrived and found three lifeless bodies, viz., one man and two children, which they carried to the high rock, and came to the Longstone with great difficulty; and had to lodge in the Barracks two days and nights, with scant provisions, no beds, nor clothes to change them with.

Your most obed't servant,

W^m. Darling.

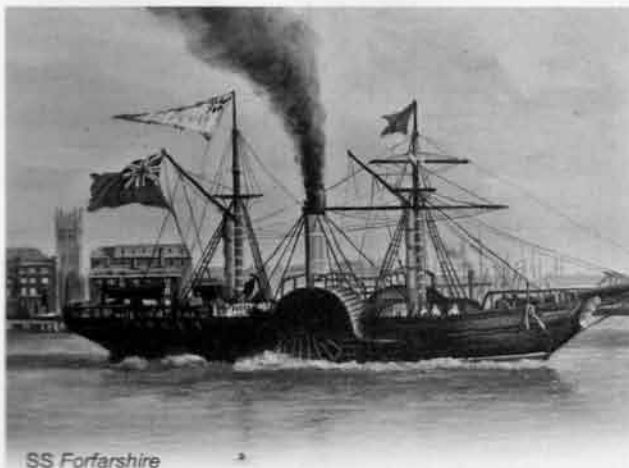
(Right) Grace's story has proved to be very marketable over the years.

There is a move afoot to dive on the *Forfarshire* wreck in the near future, which may start up the tacky hero-worshipping all over again.

Grace has her own handsome website:

www.gracedarling.co.uk/

—Ed



SS Forfarshire



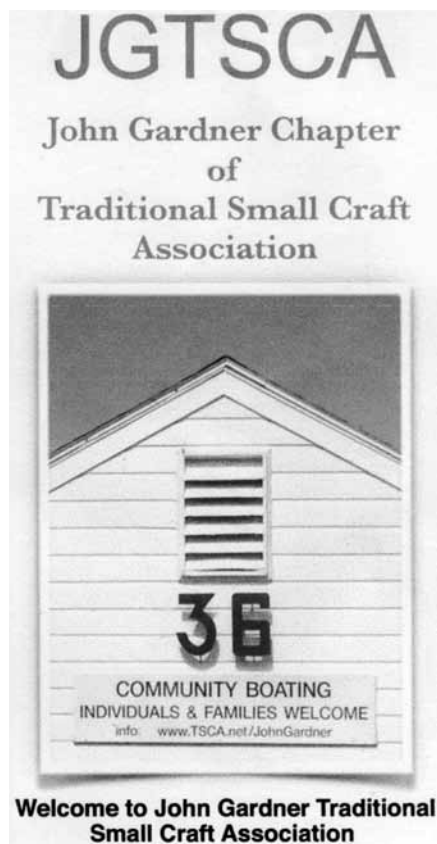
On a sunny, unseasonably warm Sunday in February, eight sporting members of the John Gardner chapter of the TSCA met in Newport, Rhode Island, for an informal visit to the International Yacht Restoration School (IYRS) to satisfy and stir our natural inclinations toward all things carvel and clinker. A treat for the eyes, the nose and the spirit, it was.

Being a Sunday mid morning, Thames St was pleasantly uncrowded and unhurried and nearby parking wasn't the problem it sometimes can be at busier times. As we arrived, curiosity in hand, two youthful IYRS students also arrived, conveniently for us, opening the front doors to the shop and with smiles graciously inviting us to step inside and take a look around. We as graciously accepted, stepping through the front doors to immediately be greeted by the invigorating fragrances and visual textural pleasures of a boat shop alive with the peculiar sort of excitement only seemingly delicate copper riveted cedar planks and rabbetted oak stems, newly bunged garboards and clamped sheerstrakes can elicit. This is a boatshop in fine form.

Following friendly greetings, the group headed up onto the mezzanine to survey the scene below on the shop floor. Beetle Cat hulls populated about half the far side of the floor, as seems usually to be the case, while what looked like a Herreshoff Fish class hull started the next line of projects in process, fresh putty filling the screw holes in its planking. Adjacent to that stood what looked like another sailboat hull, judging by the center-board slot visible at its inverted midsection.

Finally, at the southernmost end of the shop floor stood a rebuild of a full keeled, single screw and rudder Hinckley launch. This particular boat will be given fore and aft stick steering as the original had. Direct stick to rudder linkage makes for more immediate steering response in conjunction with a single screw and makes for more confident maneuvering in a launch operating environment than a geared down wheel might provide and can help make a small rudder boat almost as responsive as an outboard fitted boat, albeit with a few peculiarities of its own.

Our curiosity about this hull led us to inquire of IYRS student Josh as to the type of boat and history of the project. Josh very helpfully gave us a few tidbits but then deferred to Terry to provide us with what would turn out to be an in depth brief on the project. Seems the boat began life many years ago as a commission for a client in Stamford, Connecticut, later migrating to Mystic, after which point it ended up in IYRS's hands for restoration.



[https://www.facebook.com
www.jgtsca.org](https://www.facebook.com/www.jgtsca.org)

February Boatshopping

By "R. Transom"

As it stands now in the IYRS shop, it is essentially a new boat. Its original, and pretty far gone, full length keel hung securely suspended a few feet above the inverted Hinckley's new hull for reference during the rebuild. Our impromptu, enthusiastic host Terry explained, as with most of the boats which process through the shop, that this project had been fully measured, photographed, lofted and documented as a means both of preserving the boat's biography and of teaching the students the intricacies of boat restoration.

One very eye catching and interesting feature of this hull was the tunneling of the hull above the propeller and rudder. Though

not a distinct tunnel per se, the hull tucks up as it proceeds laterally in from the waterline toward its intersection with the keel, forming something of a lobed transom at the end of the tunnel's run fore and aft. This would seem likely to provide some potential improvement of the thrust developed by the propeller and perhaps enhancement of the effectiveness of the rudder by virtue of containing, to some degree, the flow of water between the bottom of the hull and the water column beneath it. With me just short of being an expert, and occasionally one oar short of a rowboat, this would doubtless be better left to the professional engineers to speculate on, so we will leave it for others to pick away at perhaps.

Suffice to say, the design certainly wasn't done just for looks, as it would be hidden underwater much of the time, and the complexity of the shape is pointless unless meant to improve the fluid dynamics in some meaningful way. Sounds reasonable anyway, and a nerd like me loves a friendly technical debate now and then. Any takers?

We spent perhaps an hour in the shop altogether, absorbing the rich atmosphere and appreciating, each in our own way, the excitement of our synapses the visit helped stimulate. Our time included also a short stroll through the drafting and lofting rooms just off the second floor mezzanine. Though drafting is a skill I have some training and experience in, lofting is a bit of a mystery still to me, though it seems clear that lofting is a significant and essential link between the scale drawing of a boat, and the realization of its full size form, at least when it comes to what we usually consider traditional boat building techniques.

Flatiron skiffs and Viking ships notwithstanding, it might be fair to say that most of the traditional boats we see around these here parts probably involved significant lofting in their realization. Lofting is something akin to wizarding for many of us, the uninitiated masses. Wooden Boat School here I come! Or maybe IYRS! If only I could make the time... In any event, a mystery still exists for me. Thank goodness I haven't run out of them just yet!

Coronet Like a Whale

With great anticipation we entered into this adventure to IYRS this beautiful day in high hopes of spending some time alongside the immense almost restored hull of the yacht *Coronet*. Designed by William Townsend and built in 1885, it sits on blocks on what appears to be a stone pier, right behind the IYRS main shop and right on the waterfront, protected by its purpose built enclosed shelter.



Several previous visits have provided me with glances to see some of the progress of this hull as it came back to life after essentially a near complete tear down. Much of the structure of the boat is new, the original simply being too far gone to be incorporated in the rebuild. What remains original, however, is the bulk of the interior cabinetry and other trimmings which graced its interior in its prouder days.

Seeing this boat (ship?) in its skeletal form was akin to being in the presence of the assembled bones of a blue whale. It is a giant. Big boned, massive and substantial are terms that could rightly use to describe it. At 131' LOA, 190' sparred length and considering that this yacht in its heyday possessed a marble staircase, these adjectives are hardly hyperbole.

To see something like a ship or a house in such a rudimentary, skeletal form is a treat and a moving experience, invoking a sense of the thing as a "living thing." In a sense, it is such a thing. Perhaps we see something of ourselves, or of our kind, in the things we make as extensions of our selves. Neat idea, and one perhaps better left for contemplation a few months from now under the sun filled glow of freshly raised canvas and a creaking gaff, reaching down the Sound, eastbound for Newport.

Unfortunately this day we found ourselves unable to gain access to the *Coronet* shop. A sign on the door told us it was closed for the winter and no one with the requisite authority was on site to change the situation so we were out of luck on that score. Disappointed but not disheartened! We hope conditions in the future will afford us another chance perhaps to see her and wish her good tidings and good luck on a deserved new lease on life!

Cats and Cradles

Being small craft people anyway, we had plenty to keep our attention engaged. Alongside the *Coronet* shop sits a much smaller building, against which leans a stack of pretty rough looking Beetle Cat hulls in need of some serious TLC. This is what the Beetle Cats on the shop floor looked like before the students and instructors started their rebuilds, but rough as they are indeed, because of that roughness they are perfect vehicles for learning the multitude of skills needed to restore such beauties back to useful, fulfilling service, inspiring young and old alike to gain insights into themselves and the world around them while benefiting from the particular joys and lessons only small boats can offer us.

On the opposite side of this boatyard stood a rack three or four levels high, also populated with Beetle Cat hulls in waiting and alongside this rack a pair of sleek wooden racing sloop hulls supported by blocks and jack stands, paint peeling and seams showing. And next to these another Fish class hull, blocked up and under winter cover. More learning and teaching opportunities awaiting lucky IYRS students in the months to come, I suspect, and a satisfying treat for my eyes as a card carrying wide eyed boatyard bum who can't seem to get enough of old boatyard scenes, devoid of the pristine polish of a franchise yard. I love it! No insult intended to those big yards, just a wistful reflection on a seemingly passing time once far more prominent in this soul's experience and gladly savored when still encountered.

Sachuest for the Rest of Us

Our IYRS visit coming to an end, and our appetites beckoning, six of us break for lunch and conversation at one of the local establishments on Thames Street, no Thai required but certainly preferred. The remaining two of the group seem to have made for silent running, whereabouts unknown at this time. We learn later that the Sirens at the steps of a local Irish pub tempted them in.

Suitably refurbished, we "big six" say good day to one another as my companion and I join up with the other member couple who, by the way, drove all the way down from upstate Connecticut for today's outing. Together we enjoyed a three mile jaunt around the Sachuest National Wildlife Reserve headlands at the mouth of the Sakonnet River, itself a few miles and only a few minutes east of downtown Newport. The weather remained generously cooperative and afforded us a most pleasant hike around the headland, with clear and dramatic views northward up and along the Sakonnet River and its adjoining shorelines as well as across to Sakonnet Point and lighthouse, 2.7 nautical miles distant. A light sea mist softened the view a bit, no doubt stirred up off the ocean by the lively southwesterly breeze. Or maybe my prescription has to be changed again? No! It's the mist. Must be the mist!

Hike ended, we finally go our separate ways. My crewman and I drove up along the west shore of the Sakonnet to scout out landings for future small craft outings and came by some good finds. They'll make for some nice days out, oy tinks! The Narragansett Bay area waters offer up so many opportunities for small craft outings.

Traditional Rig of the Month The Sprit Boom Rig

By Mr Cleat



John England's *Hanna Banana* on the Piankatank River, Urbanna, Virginia.

Last month we investigated the peak sprit rig. Now to the second sprit rig, the boom sprit. This sprit acts like a boom in that it keeps the clew (aft end of the sail) back from the mast but with one big difference, the sail is not a right triangle. It is triangular but the tack (the lower end of the luff up against the mast) is lower than the clew (the aft point of the sail). This does two things which are wonderful in a small boat sail, one, the foot

of the sail acts like a vang, holding the clew down, keeping it from rising and twisting the sail (which is a problem in a leg-o-mutton or gaff rig such as my catboat, which does not have a vang, just a heavy, head cracking boom). Second, as can be seen in the drawing, the boom is higher than in a conventional leg-o-mutton sail, lessening the chance of a banged head.

As with the peak sprit rig, the sprit boom is attached to the boom with a snorter. It can be as simple as a loop around the mast run down through a notched end of the sprit, then up to a cleat or as complicated as a small block and tackle to easily increase or decrease the tension in the sprit. I prefer the latter for both peak and boom sprits, with the block and tackle (a small gun tackle) line run down the mast, through a deadeye bolted to a thwart and ending at a cam cleat. This allows me to change the shape of the sail while underway without running forward to adjust the snorter. For example, I tighten the snorter (and the sail) if it is windy, loosen for more shape if in a light breeze or if running downwind and wish to trap more air.

OK, what are the disadvantages of a sprit boom rig? Why do we not see it on the latest Lasers? Well, it is not deemed as close winded, although I would argue that for a same sized sail. It does look clunky and no one will believe you when you tell them you notice no difference in performance between tacks, where on one or the other the sprit boom creases the sail. I notice no difference when trolling for snapper blues outside the breakwater, but perhaps the other fishermen are not as competitive.

From a small boat standpoint there is one other disadvantage to the sprit boom rig, the mast is as long or longer than the boat. This means it will stick out either forward or aft when striking the rig to row. This can get in the way in a double ender but is not much of a problem in our dory skiff with its nice broad transom on which to slide the end of the mast. We use the peak sprit rig in the double ended peapod which has a shorter mast.

How about combining the two sprit rigs? Ah, I was waiting for that. Great idea, it solves the problem of a peak sprit rig sail ballooning out when going downwind and all the spars still fit inside the boat, good for trailering as well as switching to oars. Roger Crawford uses such a rig on his very successful and fun to race Melonseed. It does add a bit of complexity having two snotters but on a 12' boat they are never far from hand.

Why are they not used more often? Phil Bolger once designed a light three masted schooner, all sprit rigged with two sprits per sail, and boasted that there was no spar that he could not set himself and that was when he was of an age approaching ours. There is the issue of complexity and lots of tweaking involved, but that's the fun of sailing, is it not?

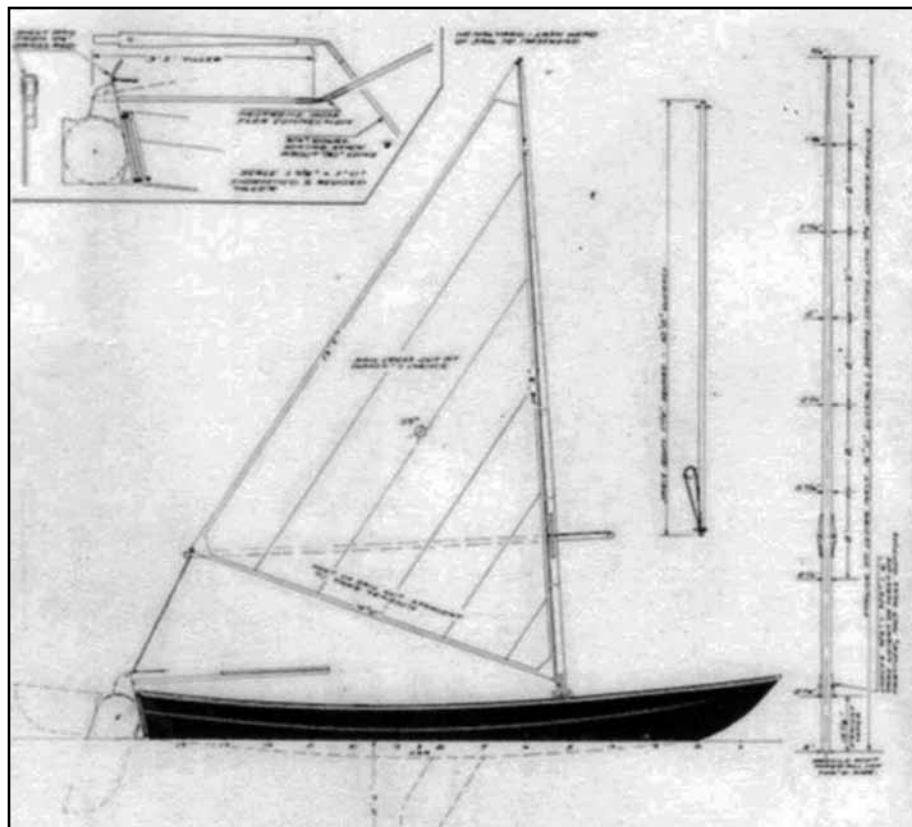
So we have come to the point where we have a good small boat sail supported by easily handled, adjustable spars. How come we often see it on bigger boats as an auxiliary sail? For all the reasons above, plus their smallness makes them easy to handle, particularly as mizzens for yawls. High heeled sprit booms hold sail shape in the highest winds as well as providing a handle to grab to pivot the sail for wind vane steering, handy to have if caught in irons. The sheet often runs through an eye on the end of a boomkin, as on a Caledonia yawl.

In a blow, with no stays or cleated hal-yards, the whole rig can be picked up and laid low. At the other end of the boat, a stick up sprit boom foresail can be set on a forward tilted mast as seen on Chesapeake crab skiffs. Ruel Parker has a stick up on one of his sharpies. It was fun to watch him sail it at one of the Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festivals. It gets a jib out there for balance, air flow is focused to the mainsail (kind of) and no high tension forestay is required which would stress the boat.

A third use is as a small sprit boomed topsail. Usually reserved for big fishing schooners, one was seen on a Cape Cod flat-tie at the Small Reach Regatta, more for conversation than effect, I think, but she sure did fly coming home in the afternoon south-westerly. You see sprit booms on mizzens for ketches, too, they will stand without twisting, which is important in a ketch. These are often sheeted to the top of the rudder.

Sails can be made from Sailrite kits or home designed in Dacron or poly tarp. Put the curves mostly up against the mast with maximum draft about one-third up the luff, say 2" for an 8' luff, and minor curves, say 1" or so, the same one third out, for peak and foot. Use a flexible batten to mark the sail. Consult a sailmaking text or experiment. The Polytarp website will get you started. Our homemade sails have flourished for 30+ years, one we laid out ourselves and one a Sailrite kit.

All in all, sprit rigs are great rigs for the small boats we row and sail. Next time you are thinking of a sail rig for that new (old) Whitehall you just bought, think sprit.



Sail plan of a sprit boom rig, Phil Bolger's Gypsy (owned by the author, drawing courtesy of Phil Bolger and Friends).



The following is an excerpt from Kenneth Best's, UConn Communications, March 14, 2017 interview with UConn geology professor Robert Thorson who explains that Henry David Thoreau was much more than an essayist and a philosopher, redefining the well known author as a scientist and boatman. The photo shows a replica of Thoreau's best known boat, *Musketauquid*, named for the Algonquian word for "grassy plain," used to describe the area that became the town of Concord. (Photo by Juliet Wheeler)

Robert M. Thorson is a professor of geology and columnist for the *Hartford Courant*. His second book on Henry David Thoreau, *The Boatman: Henry David Thoreau's River Years*, has been published by Harvard University Press, coinciding with the year long bicentennial of Thoreau's birth. He spoke with *UConn Today* about Thoreau's life in the Concord River Valley after the writer left his house in the woods, which inspired his best known work, *Walden, or Life in the Woods*.

Q. Thoreau's reputation is as a literary writer and not a scientist. How have you found the science in his work and focused on that where most others have not?

A. When I read *Walden* for the first time, I heard the limnology, the hydrology, the physicality and the micrometeorology, all of that. Yet you don't find it in the text of *Walden*. If you go below it into his journal and correspondence, however, you find there is a lot he is understanding but is threshing away. Thoreau writes more after 1854 (when *Walden* was published) than he did before that, but it went into his journal which didn't get published until 1906. When scholars edited his journal, they left out the highly technical parts that wouldn't have interested the literati, who were all English literature people. They were the ones who founded the Thoreau Society, the oldest and largest organization devoted to an American author.

But when I searched the full transcripts of his original journal, the quantitative, physical content was there. It turns out that the journal before and after *Walden* was mostly about the river. When I went back and re read the early journals they were infused with nautical language from the Greeks, Shakespeare and from the Norse. When you look at the last ten years of his mature life, he went to the river two and a half times more often than he went anywhere else, based on tallies of 7,000 passages. It was more important (to him) than any other place to go. He was a boatman more than he was a woodsman.

Interested in more? Visit <http://today.uconn.edu/2017/03/woods-onto-river/> and subscribe to *UConn Today's News@Me* for free and receive email updates that are customized to your specific preferences and interests.

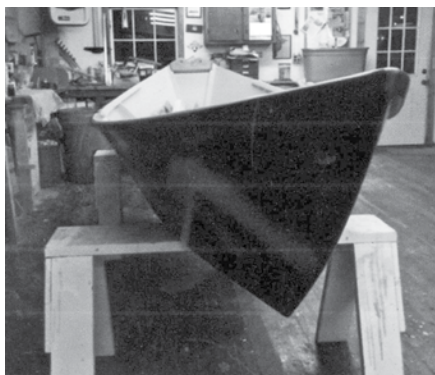
DON'S DOCK
MARINA
STONINGTON CONNECTICUT
19★79

NEW SLIPS AVAILABLE!
The most stable floating docks around
Dockage, Bait, Tackle, Ice, Repairs, Fuel,
Mooring, Launch Ramp, Boat Storage,
Store, Fish Cleaning Station

info: 860-535-0077 www.dons-dock.com
228 North Water Street, Stonington, CT

At UCONN Avery Point

The real Professor Jones, the person, visited the UCONN Avery Point Boathouse and saw his namesake, *Prof. Jones*, the dory. He was pleased with the recognition and immediately launched into a remembrance of John Gardner, Pete Culler and, of all folks, Pete Seeger, present at the creation of the Traditional Small Craft Association. Heartily recommended is Professor Jones' book, *Backwaters* (W.W. Norton 1979) particularly Part 2, "Rowing Workshop," wherein he recounts a row up the river through the fog with two interesting characters, The Harbormaster from Noank and The Shipcarver, blowing a brass foghorn and overtaking fiberglass boats on their way to the first John Gardner Rowing Workshop. *Prof. Jones*, the boat, is resplendent in new green paint ready for final touches, foot stretchers (by Phil Behney and Bill Armitage), nameplate (by Karen Rutherford) and logo (JGTSCA.org) on the side.



Avery Point Boatshop's dory, *Prof. Jones*.

Around the Shops

The new dory has moved off center stage, alongside is Dory #3, *Louise* who, hardware removed, is getting a scraping and sanding prior to paint to be ready for her trip up the river to this year's John Gardner Small Craft Workshop.

Nearby, young Alan Barton is starting assembly of his traditional small craft (solid wood) surfboard kit. Nice to have some younger folks building in the shop. Meanwhile, Barton Pater, Steve, is setting up Folboat frames on a keel plank with visions of being afloat by summer.

In Home Shops

Peter Vermilya reports there is progress on his glued lap Ducker; the winter saw the mast step installed and rabbets faired, plank lines laid out and stock scarfed, router jigs built, articulated benches built, but now it's time to turn to spring commissioning of the "fleet". Bill Meier continues mixing electricity and water in his effort to electrically power a 1920s gasoline launch, looking at the engine he took out, the electricity is probably safer. George Spragg is starting the mast for his new catboat (birdsmouth, of course lots of hose clamps required), Andy Strode assisting. Shops are busy as snow melts, grass turns green and the wind clocks around to the southwest...

At the Seaport Boathouse Livery and John Gardner Boat Shop

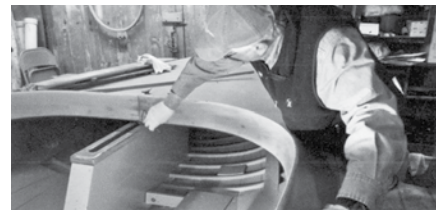
Of the 30 plus boats in the Livery, all but a few were primed and painted, ready to be launched on Pilots Weekend, the first weekend in May. Finishing touches were going on the Beetle Cats in the Boat Shop: *Li'l Babe* (we found the brass apostrophe for her name) and a new cockpit cover for *Leo J. Telesmanick*. Three boats are currently in the Boathouse

putty and paint room: *Morsel*, John Gardner's sailing version of a Marblehead skiff (Chapter 27 in his *Dory Book*), the beautiful New York Whitehall *Sharon* and the Gardner modified Herreshoff pulling boat *Green Machine*, built by Long Island TSCA's Myron Young. And already in the water were *Skye*, a Culler butthead skiff, *Mary*, a flat bottomed skiff and *Gideon Manchester*, a flat bottomed motor skiff to Mr Manchester's own design (he was a West Mystic builder of livery skiffs) as built in 2011 by Stonington's Bill Mills.



Seaport Boathouse Livery's first boat into the water, this Culler skiff was launched by Andy Strode and Buck.

In Seaport John Gardner Boat Shop, Jeff Undercoffler puts fresh varnish on a Beetle Cat coaming.





CHESAPEAKE LIGHT CRAFT

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR KITS AND PLANS



Expedition Wherry

KITS & PLANS FOR KAYAKS • CANOES • SUPs • ROWING CRAFT • DINGHIES • SAILBOATS

95 AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS | EPOXY, MARINE PLYWOOD, TIMBER, AND MORE | BOATBUILDING CLASSES SINCE 1994

CALL 410-267-0137 OR VISIT CLCBOATS.COM FOR A FREE CATALOG AND MUCH MORE!

Last fall the lovely and talented Naomi and I had a brief visit to the Finger Lakes Boat Museum in Hammondspport, New York. I reported of this visit in a previous issue. The museum is on the former grounds of the Taylor Wine Co. It has been restored and transformed into a glorious multi use museum and boat building and restoring facility with an extensive collection of boats built in and around the Finger Lakes region of New York State.

This winter 2017 we decided to return to the FLBM and to invite Susan and Chris Gateley to join us. They are not only notable Great Lakes sailors, they are also boat builders and restorers. They are owned by *Sara B*, a Tancook Schooner that they have gloriously restored. Not only that, they are authors, computer wizards and filmmakers. My idea to invite them was twofold. One was to have them see what a fantastic museum it is, and I hoped it might give them an idea or two for an article and maybe a film about the museum and the boat building history of the region. There are still a few builders in the area, but at one time there were over 50 boat shops.

My other idea was to see the boats that are currently being restored, one of which is the same boat design from the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co that I am restoring. I wanted to see what was original and what I needed to do, or not do, to keep my restoration accurate to the time period (more on this later). This is a versatile 16' lapstrake boat c.1929. The boat can be rowed with two rowing stations and can also be used with a small outboard motor. There were some set up for sailing, too. The shop burned down in 1930 but continued for a year or so after.

The operation would eventually get bought out and become the Skaneateles Boat Co, builders of the famous Sparkman and Stephens design Lightning, among others. For some interesting history on Lightnings, see the FLBM's newsletter (*The Copper Nail*, March 2017) or their book, *The Wooden Boats of Skaneateles, NY*.

The museum is also restoring a 1940 Lightning. It turns out that Susan Gateley knew this boat and the former owner who donated it from a marina that she sailed out of in Poultnyville, New York, on Lake Ontario. The wooden boat world is a small one.

The biggest restoration project the museum is currently undertaking is the *Pat II*. She is an elegant 39' boat with classic looks and a long history on Lake Ontario as a tour boat and on Skaneateles Lake as a mail boat. It was interesting to see how much progress had been made on this boat since our brief visit last fall. It may be difficult to tell from the photos but there has been steady

Return to the Finger Lakes Boat Museum

By Greg Grundtisch



work and it is going to be a fantastic restoration when completed and relaunched.

We returned to the restoration shop after lunch for a second look where we were met by Nancy. She was very knowledgeable and informative in answering our questions and just having a gam with us. She gave us an overview of the museum, its early history and how the Finger Lakes Boat Museum came to be. She, like all the people at the museum we encountered, was very personable and helpful. It turned out that Nancy was Nancy Wightman, the museum administrator. She is the bride of Ed Wightman, the museum president. Ed Wightman is the man who came to our rescue with fresh batteries on our last visit when my camera quit. Coincidence is an amazing thing.

The museum also offers various programs, presentations and workshops in regard to boat building and restoration along with related topics about fishing, fly tying, boat safety and children's programs among others. They have restored an underground wine aging room complete with giant oak casks that is available for weddings, meetings, gatherings and the like and is impressive in size and appearance. This vaulted room was built many decades ago of hand-laid stonewalls and arches that has an impressive Middle Ages look to it.

As of this writing (in early April) the FLBM will have added more boats to the current displays and returned others to temporarily to storage. The idea is to keep the many boats they have (over 150) revolving to keep the displays fresh. Also on display

will be original Pen Yan and Lightning building moulds that will show how these locally built boats were constructed from woodpile to completed boat.

The museum is now restoring Building #5 (there are multiple buildings on the grounds). This will eventually become the museum's permanent boat building and restoration and outboard motor repair and restoration shop. This is scheduled for completion by September 23, 2017, in time for the museum's annual boat auction.

The boats built in and around central New York's Finger Lakes Region were built primarily for recreation. The builders produced them for the great fishing and recreation the Finger Lakes provide, most notably, but not at all limited to, lake trout. Some record size fish have been and still are caught here. The boats were built for owners of cottages and camps that sprang up around the lakes. Getting to them in the early years (1890s and on) was difficult as roads were not yet built in many places (the *Pat II* was purchased in 1956 for mail service to the many summer camps and cottages that sprang up on the lake).

The boats were also built for the many fish camps, outfitters and rental/livery shops on the lakes for public use. In the 1930s to 1950s many newer designs were built. There were the Comet, International 14 Sailing Dinghy, Snipe, Lightning, Penguin, Rhodes Bantam, Mower Interlake and several others and that's just the Skaneateles Boat Company's offerings. There were other skiffs, canoes, sailing canoes, catboats, launches, runabouts and many others built by many shops that existed around the lakes.

The boat that I am restoring may have been a livery boat suggested by its protective copper plate covering the stem and strakes where they join the bow. I initially thought it was installed as a "fix" to cover up a battered bow. It turns out that there is no damage and the wood under it is in very good condition. In that regard, there was no rot found in the boat at all, save for a dime size spot on the foredeck. Not bad for a boat that is crowding 90 years old. It says a lot about the quality of material and craftsmanship at the time.

If you are in the area or plan to be in the area, this museum is very well worth the time to visit, even if you are not into boats. It is a most interesting facility that has something for everyone, even the kids. Check the museums website (www.flbm.org) for some photos, descriptions and added information. There is a contact place there to ask questions, join as a member and links to other museums and places of interest, lodging, dining and the like. The Skaneateles History Museum is also nearby and has some boats on display and a very helpful and informative staff as well.

You know, the town of Skaneateles, New York, is the teasel capital of the world. What's a teasel? It is a ditch weed that has a prickly stem and a large dark burrlike top that was used commercially in the past for making flannel. The Finger Lakes region is also "Wine Country," with many small and large wineries that offer tours and tastings. The lakes are surrounded by steep hills covered with vineyards, trees and cow pastures. Yes, there is some gentrification in places but not overly so, so far. The geography makes the lake well protected for all types of boating large and small. The setting is picturesque, to understate it.



Rowboat Henry Sutherland Double-Ender 1905

Donated by Clarence Willey,
Branchport, New York

Henry Sutherland built rowboats and launches in Branchport, New York, from 1904-14. He made this 14' "double ender" rowboat during that era.

In 1962 the boat was discovered leaning up against a cottage at the northern end of Keuka Lake and purchased by the donor for \$10.

Many years later Henry's grandson, Dan Sutherland, of Sutherland Boat & Coach Co, restored the boat to near original condition.



Rowboat Penn Yan Aerodringhy 1940s

Donated by Dale Lewis,
Jacksonville, Florida

Penn Yan Boats introduced the Aerodringhy in 1939. Built in light composite form, these boats weighed only 53-61 pounds depending on their length (7', 8' or 9').

Bill Oben performed extensive restoration of the Aerodringhy in 2011.



Rowboat Ben Reno Troutboat 1946

Ben Reno was a boat builder from the town of Wayne, New York. He primarily built rowboats and troutboats.

Don Pilgrim, great grandson of boat builder Charles Pilgrim, restored this boat after it was donated to the Museum.



Inboard Penn Yan Clipper Challenger 1950

Donated by Bob Leader,
Port St Lucie, Florida

The 16' Clipper Challenger appeared in Penn Yan catalogs from 1942 through 1951. The hull was built using the strip plank method of compressed seam construction. Initially the boat was planked with cedar and finished with paint. A Gray Marine Phantom 45hp engine powered the boat.

In 1950 the hull was redesigned to incorporate greater beam and depth. Naturally finished mahogany was used above the waterline and on the decks. The expanded hull design enabled a larger engine to be offered as an option.

The boat was built in 1950 and is powered by the optional Gray Marine 750 (75hp) engine. The Penn Yan Safety Strut is attached to the transom of the boat.



Inboard Morehouse Utility 1952

Donated by Jim Cooley, Geneva, New York

The Morehouse Utility is an 18' inboard and only one of 28 to be built by the Morehouse Boat Company between 1947 and 1957.

Custom built in 1952 for a gentleman on Seneca Lake, she is mahogany planked and decked over an oak frame. This boat has a 60hp four cylinder Chris Craft Model "B" engine.

This boat spent her entire life with the Cooley family until finding her way to the Museum.



Some Outboards



Row/Outboard Morehouse Lightweight Mid 1950s

Donated by Jerry Nuernberger,
Berwin, Pennsylvania

The Morehouse Boat Company built hundreds of 12' Lightweight rowboats between 1946 and 1958.

The boats were cedar planked over steam bent ribs.

Early models (pre 1950) utilized clenched nail plank fasteners and later boats were screw fastened. This example underwent an extensive restoration in the Museum's boat shop.



Sailboat Wright K-Boat #130 1941

Donated by Steve McCaukey,
Dundee, New York

Murray Wright, of the Wright Built Boat Co, was a boat builder from Dundee, New York. His sailboats were made of cedar wood strips and white oak ribs and frames with mahogany trim.

The K-Boat #130 was built in 1941. It was donated with complete rigging and the original Egyptian cotton sails.



Steamboat Models



Meeting Area in the Winery Grotto



The *Pat II* was built in 1924 in Alexandria Bay, New York. This is the Thousand Islands area where the St Lawrence River meets Lake Ontario. *Pat II* was named after builder George M. "Pat" Comstock. The *Pat II* was brought to Skaneateles Lake as a mail boat to serve the residents along the lake. At that time the roads were poorly accessible or simply did not exist. The service, called the Star Route 13, began in 1956 and ended in 1965.

The boat was sold and resold a few times back up north to the Islands area for use as a tour boat but she never got back into the water. The *Pat II* was last owned by Mr Charlie Snelling from 1996-2006, who donated the boat to the Skaneateles Historical Society and had it shipped back south. She was stored in several locations and ended up at Stiver's Marine on Seneca Lake by 2013. That year the title was transferred to the Finger Lakes Boat Museum and brought to Hammond-sport, New York. In 2014 she was brought to the restoration shop at the Museum.

The *Pat II*



There is a crew of volunteers who work on *Pat II* every Tuesday and Thursday evening along with Boatwright Geoff Heath. If you have any interest in this, museum hours,

schedule of upcoming events or other related topics, it can be found on the Museum's website at flbm.org. Better yet, join the museum as a member. You will receive entry to the museum and a yearly subscription to *The Copper Nail*, the Museum's newsletter and several other benefits.

(This condensed info and photos are gathered from the FLBM website)



As reported in a previous issue of *Messing About*, I bought this boat from a man who listed it on craigslist as an "Adirondack" type rowboat. After I bought it I began to hunt for information about its age and design. I made an inquiry with the Finger Lakes Boat Museum and Mr Ed Wightman gave me the answer and a copy of the museum publication entitled *The Wooden Boats of Skaneateles, NY*. There on page 37 was my 16' Outboard Motorboat built by the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co. When I learned that the museum was restoring one just like this, I asked the lovely and talented Naomi if she wanted to return and have a look. She answered, "Yes, that was a great museum to visit and we really didn't get to spend much time there the last time. When do we go?"

We left a few days later and met Susan and Chris Gateley there. When I described

The 16' Outboard Motorboat



this museum to them they were very enthusiastic about seeing this diverse collection of regionally built recreational boats. We toured the restoration shop and met with some of the folks who were doing some of the restoration that day. They were very accessible and friendly in answering my questions about my project and showing me what was original and how some of the original hardware was used and how the building was done.

The boat is 16' long and 46" wide. Its planking is lapstrake white cedar on ribs of red elm with white oak keel, gunwales and stem, butternut deck and cypress seats. The original hull exterior was varnished and the interior was painted in the bilge and varnished above the seats. Two sets of brass oar locks and sockets are fitted at two rowing stations with copper rivets and brass screws for fasteners. The original price was \$135!

For more information on the Skaneateles Boat and Canoe Co and their many designs, get a copy of *The Wooden Boats of Skaneateles, NY* from the FLBM. Lots of vintage photos and catalog photos along with the history of the company, started in 1893 by George Smith and James Ruth, make up its contents. Also included is information on Bowdish, Fay and Bowen, Skaneateles Boats Inc. and others and the Finger Lakes Boat Museum.

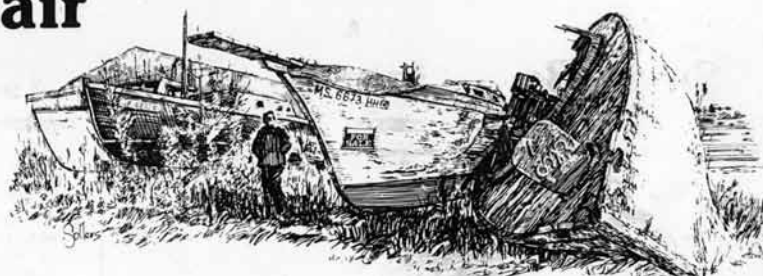


End Of A Love Affair

Forsaken boats, abandoned dreams await the yard crew's chainsaw in the back row at Mel's boatyard

Reprinted from Small Boat Journal, April 1980

Bob Hicks



They're all out in the back row now at Mel's boatyard, where the weeds grow up around them in the summertime and the snow drifts through them in the winter. The *Oddysea*, the *Dawn*, the *Ting Ting*, the *Boreas* and others without names rest on tired cradles among a scattering of nameless small plywood outboard runabouts dropped right on the ground. Abandoned, or nearly abandoned in the final stages of an affair, they all await an ultimate cremation, for most of the boats in Mel's back row end up in the boatshed stove.

I first saw the *Dawn* in early 1977 when looking for a small sailboat to buy. The classified ad read, "24' sloop, \$1,100." When I found her she wasn't yet in the back row. There she sat, thick flakes of white and turquoise paint lifting from her hard chine plywood hull, sandwiched among sleek glass boats in for the winter. Built to minimum standards with slabs of plywood and tiny corroding metal fittings, the *Dawn* still held the remains of that last lunch on board before she was hauled out to avoid sinking. Now, three years later, she's over in the back row, the phone number on the "For Sale" sign no longer legible.

"I wouldn't even know the owner if he came in," explained Mel. He hasn't seen him since 1977 and now the yard bill is well above that hopeful bargain sale price of long ago.

The *Oddysea* came up from Rhode Island. She had a rough trip across Massachusetts Bay in a windy spring northeaster in 1978. About 25' long, she's another hard chine design, but carved planked with a tabernacle mounted mast and an inboard engine. That summer the engine came out, the peeling paint was scraped off and rotting planks removed. Reconstruction was underway. When winter came the tarp went on and it's still there two years later.

"Yes, the owner was here this summer, about three times," Mel comments, "but

nothing much has changed." The yard bill is adding up but no sign of any effort to sell the *Oddysea* is apparent. It would be hard to sell a boat appearing to be so far along in her disintegration.

Ting Ting has been in the back row a long, long time. An old wooden inboard, she looks like a 1935 version of a modern big power cruiser, the kind with the sliding glass patio doors opening onto the rear deck. But *Ting Ting's* doors look like old storm windows and are broken, as is most anything left aboard that was breakable. Before Mel got his fence up, local vandals did their work. *Ting Ting* is Mel's now. He's gone through the routine of obtaining title to the boat so he can at last dispose of it. Later this winter his yard crew will come over with the chainsaws.

Boreas is new to the back row this year. Vaguely European in appearance, she's another sloop with a tabernacle mounted mast, but she has a centerboard. Still not too bad overall, she'll need a good wooding and refinishing and perhaps some structural work inside. Who knows? The owner expressed an interest in fitting out *Boreas* with a full keel, a lead one. Mel's price was \$2,000 and he's not seen the owner since. Is *Boreas* abandoned? It's too early to tell, but she sits among others much further along this last road to oblivion. She could be sold, or renovated yet, but no winter cover is in place so you wonder if anyone cares.

Way down at the far end of the row is the bow of an old Elco, a classic motor launch of bygone years. Brought to Mel's as a free boat with an urgent need for lots of tender loving care, the Elco spent the first winter in a small lean to shed alongside the main boatshed, one of those little sheds made of old doors and plywood. The owner ripped out the rotting transom in the first step of a renovation project. Now all that's left is the bow and the lean

to is gone. Mel and the owner settled the yard bill with Mel getting the wood, the owner the hardware. Much of the old Elco has already gone up the chimney.

Maybe the boat is a relic, or just hopeless scrap, but as long as she sits in the boatyard the storage bill adds up. If it isn't paid, what can be done? How do you evict a boat? If the owner will not come by, or has even left for places unknown, what then? The yard owner cannot simply trash the boat, he has to go through a process involving federal court actions, attempts to find the owner, etc. Only after a lot of this and much time can the hulk become the property of the yard, no matter how big the bill has become. Then it costs a final sum to dispose of it. Even cutting a hulk up for stove wood requires paid labor of yard hands.

"If only they'd come see me before the boat gets too bad, we could work out some arrangement to the best advantage of us both," Mel remarks. "Often the boat still could be sold with some work, but they let it go too long so what they owe is more than they'll ever be able to sell for, and then it is abandoned." Mel points out that even the back row ground costs him in taxes and he needs the space for boats with owners still fond enough of them to pay their winter storage charges and keep them shipshape.

There was one little old inboard in the back row that I saw at the float all this past summer. Sort of a miniature lobster boat, and nameless, she's pretty shabby looking but still usable. Her elderly owner often was by during the summer, pottering about, tinkering with the engine, taking runs down the river. But now he's in a nursing home, unlikely to return to his boat. Mel talks about settling the matter later with the heirs but there's more sympathy in his voice as he talks about this one. He can understand an old man using his old boat as long as he can before they both have to give up the water.

WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com

It's about time

Join Us

Kayaksailor.com

Kuvia llc PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262

Your March issue cover photo was of *HMS Rose*. The last time I saw this boat I was in a thick fog. No, not my daily one, much thicker. Let me try to explain.

In 1978 Cindy and I left Cape Cod and for the next 33 years we were full time RVers going to all 50 states and a lot of Canada. Our purpose was to study and carve the birds of North America. We carried a Grumman canoe all this way, except to Hawaii. We have been canoe camping from Stonington to Isle au Haut in Maine, around Sucia Island in the San Juans in Washington, out of Port Orford, Oregon, where we have been fishing near the headland where 75' of anchor line never hit bottom, we tied to the kelp. We camped on Goose Island on Copano Bay and St Charles Bay in Texas where we caught a big redfish that pulled the boat along with Cindy in the bow holding onto the fishing pole.

Every fall for quite a few years we showed our carvings at the Waterfowl Festival in Easton, Maryland. We would camp on our friend's farm on Bozman-Neavitt Road out of St Michaels at the head of Harris Creek.

The Grumman canoe had been shortened by 2½'-3' or so with a square stern for an outboard motor that moved it right along, and over the years I have made the trip down Harris Creek out to the Choptank River and around Tilghman Island to fish for striped bass many, many times.

One morning early I was fishing out by the Choptank channel when a very thick bank of fog came out of the east very quickly. Taking a reading of the wind and waves, I headed back for Harris Creek. I figured to fetch Tilghman Island and fish the shallow waters there. From time to time I would stop the motor and listen for any boats. I guess that the watermen were already tonging or having a late cup of coffee.

In the Fog

By Mark Holland

All was silent and, as luck would have it, the first thing to loom up out of the fog was the very large first marker for Harris Creek. I guess my instincts were pretty good that day. It was also the morning (October 31, 1997) that a school bus and a semi truck collided in the fog on Rt 50 in Easton, killing the bus driver.

I have always liked fishing in fog. On Cape Cod I would launch the canoe at the bass hole in Yarmouth and paddle out onto the flats that lie between Dennis and Barnstable Harbor channel at the end of Sandy Neck. By listening for the terns leaving the nesting colony by Lone Tree Creek I would gather the direction of their flight by following it. I would generally come onto a feeding frenzy of terns, gulls and striped bass. Sometimes about a half acre of breaking fish would surround the canoe feeding on sand eels.

It is a sight I have repeated many times on Cape Cod and on the Choptank. On the Cape I paddled everywhere so it did not scare the fish. On the Choptank I would motor up to get ahead of the feeding frenzy and then turn off the motor and paddle into the fish until they surrounded the canoe. But let one boat with a motor running show up in that shallow water and the fish would sound and not resurface until a long way off.

Back to the fog again, early in the morning after leaving the farm and running the length of Harris Creek, then passing the end of Tilghman Island in a fog, the canoe, with its 60lb sandbag tied in the bow as ballast. I never go anywhere in any canoe without my

ballast except for once many years ago. Howard Wilcox of Syracuse and I were trying to see if we could make it through the breakers at Nauset Inlet on Cape Cod. We had five tries and four failures. The one success saw us half full of water in the 15' canoe but we did learn a thing or two.

When caught sideways in a breaker and going over do not dive off on the shore side as the wave will slam the canoe into you. Dive off the ends or better yet leave early on the offshore side. Short lines tied to the ends of the canoe will help in later recovery.

Moving on, we, the canoe, the ballast and I, had just passed Tilghman Island headed for the entrance to the Choptank River channel. About one third of the way there a huge weird shape loomed up out of the fog and from our canoe I mean it was huge and weird. I was so shocked it was a wonder that I didn't swim back to Tilghman Island. Noting that its anchor was set I realized I was not going to get run down by this monster and, after my nerves had settled down, I could then take in the beauty of what was indeed the *HMS Rose*. I noticed a crew member on deck waving at me so I waved back. I no longer recall if the *Rose* was on its way to Baltimore or leaving, but she had pulled up and spent the night at anchor.

The following is the last of my "in the fog" experiences I will tell for now, but I do have lots more. Cindy and I were sitting at a window table at the Boss Oyster a few feet from the Intercoastal Waterway in Apalachicola, Florida. Darkness had arrived ending a dreary, foggy, wet day. As we were enjoying some of the best oysters on the East Coast and looking out into the darkness, out of the fog maybe 50' away came a big black pirate ship without lights. We couldn't believe our eyes as it slid by and tied up at the inn just a few feet to the east. We later learned that it was headed for the Gasparilla Festival in Tampa.

About oysters, the only oysters that I liked better than the Boss oysters were some big red back oysters back in the '50s out of the Bass River on Cape Cod behind the bait shop run by John Cusick and his mother on the West Dennis side of the river. But those days of great shell fishing in both fresh and salt water are long gone.



Come aboard!

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc. (TSCA) works to preserve traditions, skills and lore of small work or pleasure boats developed in the days before internal combustion engines.

Join a growing crew of small boat enthusiasts who paddle, row, pole, or sail some of the finest watercraft ever created.

Contact your nearest TSCA chapter (nearly 30 are listed on our website). Find out how to connect with like-minded souls, or form your own group, and enjoy the thrill of "simply messing about" in boats.

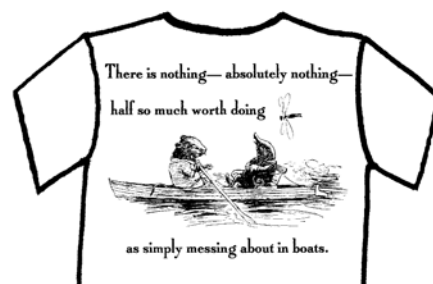
Enjoy our quarterly, *The Ash Breeze*, and stay abreast of boatyard, backyard, and on-the-water activities.

Membership starts at \$20. Sign on, today.

The Traditional Small Craft Association, Inc.

PO Box 350,
Mystic, CT
06355

www.tscanet

**Simply Messing About In Boats
Shirts & Tote Bags**

**Featuring Ratty's Beloved Quote
from *The Wind in the Willows***

See our classified ad for
additional information

www.messingabout.com



Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA

Nine Everyday Things a Sailor is Better At

By Tyson Jopson, from the Website Scuttlebutt, Submitted by Bruce Robbins

You're winning at this life thing. You're well travelled. You have strong opinions on the meat industry and an arsenal of impressive life hacks you picked up while backpacking in Burma. You can open a wine bottle with your shoe and cut a sarong in half using just a cat. Your family thinks you're great because you can make baklava from memory out of rainwater. But...

But there's always someone out there who is cooler than you. Like sailors. You'll never be as cool as a sailor. Here are nine everyday things they'd crush you at without even trying.

1. Parallel Parking: I know, I know, you're great at parallel parking. You should be the president of it. The words three point turn don't even exist in your vocabulary. But you're an amateur. Try backing a fire truck (without rearview mirrors) into a car wash, on ground made of water, during a thunderstorm. That's what sailors do. They call it docking.

2. Walking Straight When Drunk: Your poker face is a farce. We all know how many tequilas you've had as soon as you seasaw to the bathroom like a sausage in a pin-ball machine. Legs don't lie unless you're a sailor. A life on the water imbues sailors with a liquescent center of gravity. The more fluid you put inside them, the straighter they walk. In fact, if you see a sailor off kilter you should probably buy him a drink.

3. Straight Facing a Double Entendre: Sailing terminology is (wait for it) an ocean teeming with metaphors, puns, double entendres and that's what she said. You can't think of a boating pun that hasn't been exhausted. Chuckling at words and phrases like "breast lines," "cockpit," "coming about" and "in need of a tug" is the sole folly of us landlubbers. Find someone who can, without flinching, present a Seaman Discharge Book (yes, that's an actual thing) to a customs official and you've found a sailor.

4. Giving Directions: "Ja, so like take a right by the tree and then pass the school. I think it's a school. Maybe it's prison. A few blocks behind that is a road. I can't remember the name of it but just call me when you're outside." These are not directions. These are dangerous non sequiturs that cause people to remain seated in their own gaseous emissions longer than they should. If people gave better directions there'd be a smaller hole in the ozone layer. Sailors know this (and they're not even the ones using all the fuel). They also know that on the ocean vague directions can lead to death. Or worse, Port Elizabeth.

5. Dressing Appropriately: Weather app, shmeather app. Even the best ones resort to some measure of horoscopic hocus pocus and the problem is nobody has built one out

of actual human bones. Sailors have bones. They have bones that tingle, crack, wobble and creak. Sailors can feel inclement weather in their bones before the weather even knows it's feeling inclement. If you want to know what to wear for the day, find a sailor and copy what they're wearing. Except epaulettes. Never wear the epaulettes.

6. BDSM: Don't fib. The reason you've never been open to the idea of bondage isn't because it's taboo. It's because you're rubbish with ropes. Tying your beau to a bedpost isn't the same as tying a shoelace. There are safety issues. A combination of poor ropemanship and a slippery surface can turn into an emergency very quickly and nobody wants to be gnawing on a granny knot next to a blue cadaver when the police arrive. You know who knows a thing or two about knots? Sailors. They could string up a wrestler with birthday ribbon. And, more importantly, untie him afterwards.

7. Pulling an All Nighter: It was the pillar of your tertiary education, but somewhere along the line the insouciance of burning the midnight oil turned to chronic anxiety. The only thing that burns in your house after midnight now is the office block you're torching in your dreams (statistically the most satisfying dream experienced by the proletariat). Caffeine is impotent, hardcore drum and bass is discombobulating and even The Panic Monster can't keep you awake anymore. But sailors are fueled by something stronger than caffeine and panic combined, fear of the unknown. The ocean is a capricious mistress and much like the writers of *Lost*, sailors don't always know what's going to happen next. They're prepared for every eventuality. And that requires being awake. ALL THE TIME.

8. Letting Things Go: When something falls in the ocean it's gone forever (unless you're James Cameron). The only thing to do is forget about it and move on while mut-

tering something profound like, "It belongs to the ocean now, man." At sea if you don't learn to let things go, you drown. Sailors would make great psychologists.

9. Democracy: Jokes. Sailors don't know what that is. On a boat the captain is always right. Even when he's not.

Why No New Build?

By Frank Stauss

On April 1, 2000, I retired from my job in law enforcement. I always thought that building a boat would be an interesting endeavor so in June 2001, I traveled to the WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine and built a Shellback dinghy. On September 25, 2014, I finished my last boat, a Deer Isle Koster. Between the Shellback dinghy and the Koster I built two kayaks, an Adirondack Guideboat, a Weekender sloop, a Core Sound 17 and a Cocktail Class Racer. With the exception of the Weekender (which I donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum) I still have and use all of the boats.

Friends and acquaintances are always asking me what I am working on now. My answer since the Koster completion has been "nothing new, just maintenance and repair work on the fleet." The next question asked is why no new build? I have two answers to offer. The first is I truly haven't seen anything that interests me enough to want to build. Well, that isn't entirely true. I am very fond of the Shantyboat *Lisa B. Good*. Problem is it just can't be built in my garage. So until I figure out a solution it might just be the boat that got away. My second answer is one person CAN have too many boats. I know that sounds strange coming from me but I kinda, maybe, quite possibly think that it could be true. At least that's my story until I figure out where to build that sweet shantyboat.



By-The-Sea

www.by-the-sea.com

- Boat Dealers
- Boat Builders
- Marinas
- Boats For Sale



- Nautical Books
- Plans and Kits
- Weather Instruments
- Free Classified



Tel 508-240-2533 Fax 508-240-2677 Email: info@by-the-sea.com

Pushing 30

Pushing 30 and then some, I went anyway. Not, mind you, to the previously desired location, I knew it was blowing when I left the dock. Put in the only reef. I changed goals because I just wasn't sure just how the repaired sail would hold up. A few days ago the clew pulled out of the reef in some similar wind and with the repair I made I saw I could have done it better.

So I went south, the same direction from which the wind was blowing, thinking if damage occurred I could drift back somehow or another. My small 12-footer is the same length, give or take an inch or two, as the one Mr Rice was using down below South America. Not even close as to quality either, difference being his breeze was three times mine, but then as far as sailing goes he's major league and I'm a kindergartner. A whole other ballgame, quite an accomplishment to inspire many.

This picture shows my little one at rest, bow and stern anchors. This spot usually only takes me about an hour to reach, today the time stretched to three hours with a mishap or two along the way. First was the oyster reef, if I keep that up the bottom is going to need major attention. Second, up on that same reef the rudder popped off with a bit, just a bit, of foresight I did have water shoes on.



At the cut, even though the wind was as strong as it was, the current exiting one bay into another was keeping the boat beam on the wind. Not quite able to figure the best way to anchor in these conditions, I pulled the boat through to the other side and anchored in, of all the wrong places, on the lee shore. The lee shore it was, the wave action stopped 50 or 60 yards off the beach, it had every appearance of a lake with plenty of wind. Knowing the forecast for the next couple of days, wind south or southeast, I figured it was a go. The bottom was a mix of weed or sand and only knee deep.

There I stayed. I set the bower by hand and did the same with the stern anchor, a mushroom. During the night the wind increased a bit more, the mushroom pulled out and reset itself and I filled two pages of to dos in a small notebook. Notes meant for creature comforts mostly and stowage.

The boat, a Lehman 12', at the time it was built it was designed as a daggerboard

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

cat rig as still raced on the west coast. My little girl is sporting two leeboards, a small cuddy and a lugsail. I put 90lbs of lead shavings in her belly and she sails nice as can be, even in the stiff breeze.

I came home and went to work on making her a bit more comfortable. Plans in the making, mostly in my head. I'm hoping to do the Texas 200 with her and I'm thinking to leave from here, don't know quite how that will work, time will tell, it's just an idea for now. There being two directions, the hard way as it is being called, and it will be, and the regular way, which is hard enough.

A few years back I was all set to go but went to be with my brothers and sisters at my mom's when she passed. It all happened the week prior to the June start. My wife and I got back on Monday and she suggested I hop in as the crew sailed by. Well, I jumped in a day early and figured to wait for them at the next stop. Seeing how I felt, I just kept on going. A day ahead, alone with my thoughts, the sail to Magnolia Beach was such an on again, off again thing for me, I kept going to Port Lavaca.

I did meet one boat there who had done the 200 that year, when asked about myself, I didn't say anything. It was too soon, I now realize. So maybe this year, last year car trouble kept me from the event.

What Now?

But considering, what now? The boat is almost finished, or the next one started, even before this new one has even gotten wet. Ask that guy in Scandinavia, he'll never finish what's left upstairs, neither will we. So why not admit it, take a look around the supermarket, not at the young prettys, look at what's coming down the aisle you're on and the direction we all shall and are going. That old guy, hardly able to do his shopping, that's you and I. So get over it, put the boat in the water and go sailing, build memories, forget that fifth layer of varnish. Then again, if sawdust and reflections in clear coats are your thing, go for it, just go for it. Just please don't laugh at my 10' paint job.

This disease we call life, as we march off for such perfection that's, by the way, never achievable and, being the weaklings that we are, influenced by the few stout among us, clamor after that unachievable too often unattainable ring on the carousel ride of yesteryear. So go for it. Enjoy the ride. Might as well. We're all going to the same end, albeit at separate times. The proverbial "know thyself" really pays off in a sense of contentment one will never know chasing another's dreams.

I've been sailing a lot lately, four or five times a week. Yes, it's nice, I do enjoy it. And I enjoy the building as well. I really don't enjoy the magazines though. I don't know what my problem is. I used to enjoy reading them, not now. Two free subscriptions came last year and this. Not wanting to offend, or not able to explain perhaps, I'm thinking of turning in a change of address.

Years back, while surfing, I attended two surfing contests in my 40 some years

of riding boards. I left both times frustrated and went surfing. Maybe that's it. I'd rather be sailing than reading stuff that doesn't hold my ever shortening attention span. I think I'm hopeless. I was telling a fellow about my experience/desire of checking out fellow sailor's boats at different gatherings. How disappointed I was at the lack of innovative ideas I was hoping to see. I lack sorely in my ability in outfitting a small boat.

I buy books solely for that purpose, to learn how other small boat sailors did what they did. We're encouraged not to go off half baked, file float plans, get our ducks all in a row, yet the how tos seem in short supply. I've read the Swede, Rob Roy, Ida Little, the Wayfarer couple, Tinker Belle and a host of others and yet I search for more. Just get on with it. Well, there I go again, so I best be getting on with it.

I Learned This While...

I learned this while boating. That line was a page title in a monthly boating rag published on the California coast in bygone years. It probably could be reinvented by someone other than me because, from what I remember, those doing the writing at the time learned how not to repeat the class.

On the other hand, I've learned how to push off moored barges and concrete bulkheads from almost any wind direction and condition. Most would be flailing themselves mercilessly if they put themselves up against the docked tugs more than once, rubbing against the many tires lining their sides. Me? I keep a paddle handy, giving a wave and a smile to the crew aboard. It gets a little dicey at times, being on this learning curve I find myself.

Once, while sailing my *Red Top*, the Lehman 12', heading back in, standing, I take a look under the boom and see the barge, in motion with a crew member on the bow directing the tug's captain just as to where I was, a mere 210' off the barge's bow. Offering my sincere apology to the crew member, and taking my hat off and hanging my head as I sailed by the tug, how do I explain how to keep out of such situations, a simple pay attention works for most, for me it doesn't seem to have any effect.

An example, when my niece was here learning the ropes sailing with me for four days, it's blowing and she gave me the tiller. Once in the channel I'm gliding past an anchored fisherman who waves and smiles as we pass 6' off his bow. I was surprised, to say the least, another 10' and I would have t-boned him. I told my niece to put that in her don't do section while sailing.

The proverbial :(\$&/; happens, it really does. I gave the bar patrons a good laugh one afternoon sailing back to the slip while passing in front of the waterfront restaurant. It's like I had my very own cheering section. Getting out of that same harbor past the restaurant/bar I found the shallows, not once or twice, but three times, and they haven't moved, the sandbar is in the same place every time. If I could say I learned this while boating, it would be stick around, and give a wide berth. My wife says, "It's always something."

Seems she was repeating herself this past Easter Sunday when the rudder up line got wrapped around the prop. "What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Get up there on the stern and grab that pile, we'll swing into this empty slip," I tell

her. After cutting the line and freeing the prop, it's off we go. Turned into a good day on the water. I learned long ago to get back aboard.

Maybe I have learned did a thing or two.

Tiller Notches

Tiller notches, like height marks on a wall or door post, are made to remember memorable occasions. Times to look back upon. Some tillers are so beautiful, were a hapless sailor to start cutting notches in the thing the authorities just might take the sailboat away from him.

I remember a beautiful cabinet made and displayed in *Fine Woodworking* magazine, the builder, when finished, drove a bent and rusty nail into the face of his creation. He didn't give a reason or explain himself, just did it and left it at that, sticking out. Personally I think it was a statement telling us to not take ourselves too serious. Either way by the outcry generated by the readers one would think the fellow hammered the nail into someone else's work. Leave it be.

My tiller is not a work of art. In fact, an old salt, as they're called in the sailing world, called other things elsewhere, said my tiller was disgraceful. "Looks like it was made from a two by four!"

"It was!" came my reply. Actually it matches the rest of the boat just fine. Had I took the time to make a purty one, people would be wondering just where I lifted it. My boats long ago acquired the 10' look. They look good from 10' away. Oh they are strong, built tough, made to abuse and desecrate many a dock along the way.

I really wonder why I get as many thumbs up as I do. I'm beginning to wonder if it's my gray hair and the old guy thing giving it a go. Perhaps, but I'll take it just the same. Yesterday the wife and I, along with our dog, went for a sail in what we now refer to as *Red Top*, only because the small cuddy top is painted red. I'm not one for naming boats. *Red Top* though seems to work just fine. But you'll not find it on the transom.

So we went for a sail, the three of us. Had the tip of the island all to ourselves. The small island out front of Cove Harbour, mostly sand, shin deep water, warm, the dog loved it as well his owners.

The tiller notching idea came up later as we were out on our date night, Dairy Queen tacos, minus the dog. Four times in as many years my Linda has been out on this little 12-footer. Twice to the same place and two different ones. I told her I was going to mark the occasions, make them memorable in some way, that's where the tiller notching idea came about. She had a good laugh on that one, I won't say just where her imagination went then, but we got back home all right and when the sun comes up, I'll be outside, knife in hand.

30 Plus and a Little

Thirty plus and a little bit more. Two weather channels put the gust at 29, the area I was in was off the island in front of Cove Harbour. The wind wraps around the point and picks up speed giving a bit more in that area. That's where I went. I spent about an hour there, sailing back and forth trying to catch a few wind waves. I did indeed get a few, the momentum when picking up and surfing with a 12' sailboat is quite a feeling.

The lee shore a half football field away, at times could get dicey if one was to hit the shore, lined with cement blocks, the other end is mostly sand so no problem there. I had it all to myself, as we used to say when surfing, "You really missed it!"

I'd been eying this spot for some time now and today seemed like a go and it was. When I left the dock I first figured to sail north to Rockport Marina, about a mile and a half. When I got to the point the plans all changed. It was wet, mostly spray, no thick water came aboard, I was wet and had put a windbreaker type jacket on. Plus I was tethered to the boat.

The boat handled ideally, with all the aplomb needed. She rose to the wind chop, bounced up and over the bigger stuff and did just fine all in all. We had a good time getting to know one another a little bit more, just what we could expect. I do this in foul weather because I know someday I will get caught out in some nasty stuff and I really don't want any surprises. So I push the edge a little and then a little more.

It pays off, sea trials I think they're called. Years back when building a 30' trimaran, the designer said go out in some rough stuff near home before you head offshore. Well I'm not going offshore, yet still it's good knowing just what a small 12' sailboat can do.

And I had it all to myself!

Ploughing...

"The *Nan-Shan* was ploughing a vanishing furrow upon the circle of the sea..." This comes from Joseph Conrad's book, *Typhoon*. My antics while out and about here on the Texas coast, amongst the shallows, don't wax nearly so poetic, yet furrows nonetheless. Some areas are so shallow the aluminum rudder draws a line showing just where I've been. In the weeds I pull the rudder up a bit and tie it off. This creates a very stubborn tiller so I need to be careful as well. Using the care needed, I've found using the sail, a half raised leeboard while laid over on the lee rail, we can crab along pretty good, getting to where we want to go.

Mostly it depends on from where I start crossing the flats, it gets thin out there. Where I start and the direction of the wind, he plays his part as well. A rudder line to raise the blade helps with both the boat and the flats bottom. It's best not to be tearing up or slicing any sea grass.

Often while out and about in the shallows the damage done by props left down is all too evident. What are they thinking, destroying the very habitats from which they hope to fish? Brings to mind liveaboards in the marinas across the land. Some, always the few, trash the docks, pile personal items all around, creating a general eyesore.

So liveaboards get outlawed because, like their inconsiderate brother fishermen, they ruin it for others. Where I keep a boat in the water there are two junk cars that haven't been moved in months, the docks are getting full but the light bulb will never go on.

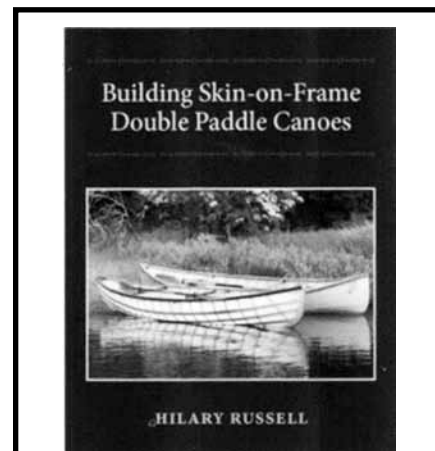
Let's get back to Joe's book. Now he's a writer of the ninth degree, him and Jack London, among others, put out some stuff. I've mentioned before while reading to my daughters, I'd stop reading and we'd talk and share of the pictures we had in our minds of the story being read. Of course, the shared thoughts and visions were never the same. I tried to use it as an exercise in observation that we all see things differently.

Mr London, while building his *Snark* used to have to punch out many a story to meet payroll down at the shipyard. Then, way before radio, his like was gobbled up by readers across the nation. Today, me thinks, were Jack to pen the same, he might just get a dinghy built for his story lines, but just a plywood one.

Not to diminish one iota the ability of Jack London or Joseph Conrad, the fault lies not at their feet, no not at all. Somebody higher up in the education system thought he knew better, or worse.

Get on with it then. While getting counseling care from the doctor concerning my recent minor surgery (my nose is shorter), my wife, during the drifting conversation, says to the doc, "We got rid of our TV 15 years ago." We're both on the same page, even in the same book, views on sailing differ, honestly though, that is not a deal breaker, not even close.

Best we get to sailing, sailing the old fashioned way, no electronics. Could we do it? The Navy, I read, is teaching once again navigation with a sextant. What might they be expecting as we go merrily down the road.



A valuable book for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. Plus the chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

"inspiring...very clear and concise... elegant simplicity..."

Iain Oughtred

"...a logical progression...a good bibliography... and a list of sources"

Nim Marsh, Editor, Points East

"...graceful and beautiful craft."

Matt Murphy, Editor, WoodenBoat Magazine

"Hilary Russell...has demonstrated...how to build a vessel that combines beauty and practicality to a degree rarely achieved." **George Dyson, Author of Baidarka**

To order Visit

**www.berkshireboatbuildingschool.org
plus plans, parts, classes and more**

Environment

The Japanese whaling fleet arrived home and unloaded the contents of 333 whales they caught during the season. The government steadfastly claims that the annual hunt is for “scientific purposes” only. That is enough BS to fertilize Iowa cornfields for a year. The issues come down to two important points. Companies continue to purchase whale oil for fine lubrication, perfume stability, protein for dog food and a plethora of other uses. The second issue is ethical, how intelligent does a being have to be before it is unethical to kill them? Obviously whales, dolphins, chimps and elephants (and pigs) are miles ahead of most animals’ intelligence. They are smarter than a typical two year old so is it OK to grind up children’s bodies for commercial use? Along those lines, how low must the group count be before a species is endangered and vital to the environment? Personally I don’t use perfume and I wear a digital watch. Is a Rolex worth the slaughter of whales?

The Great Barrier Reef, stretching over 2300km northeast of Australia, is the home to 600 plus soft and hard corals that, in turn, is one of the world’s foremost biological entities that converts CO₂ into oxygen. The reef is bleaching (dying) at a rapid rate because of pollution, especially CO₂ emissions that experts blame on coal burning pollution and global warming (again blamed on CO₂). However, some experts place the blame squarely on the shoulders of potassium, nitrogen and phosphorous from farm runoff in Australia. Add in an abundance of tourists, scuba divers and cruise ship dumping and no one can be surprised that some 500 miles died during 2015-16. The ecology of the reef is extraordinarily fragile, some of which has remained unchanged for hundreds of thousands of years.

Six species of turtles return to the reef to propagate, 215 species of birds depend on the reef for nesting, 2,195 plant species abound there and many are found only there and large quantities of fish and other sea creatures depend on the reef. We may be self destructing faster than we think. Let me be specific, the CO₂ is changing the pH of the water around the reef. This allows species not native to the region to multiply exponentially. The Brittle Starfish is the primary culprit in the bleaching of reefs and it has, to this point, few enemies. It is a complicated and convoluted ecological process difficult to understand or rectify.

On the more positive side of the ecological story is the tale of the Tanzanian Kihansi Spray Toad, a little amphibian just discovered in the early 1990s. About the size of a dime, the little toad existed only in one spot on earth, in the splash zone of a waterfall in Africa. When Tanzania turned the waterfall into a hydroelectric source, it eliminated the constant spray necessary for the toad’s existence. Working with the Bronx Zoo, the government took 600 plus toads to laboratories in the US and Africa where scientists tried to learn about their mating habits, food, socialization, etc. Within a few years the toad was extinct in nature. But the two labs in the US (the Bronx and Toledo Zoos) and one in Tanzania managed to produce over a thousand new toads.

Tanzania developed a small wetland using pipes with multiple holes imitating the spray of a waterfall. The American and African born lab toads have slowly been reintroduced to the wild very successfully. While it



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

may seem small potatoes to many, the triumphant saving of a species was important to the African nation which takes great pride in its salvation of a native animal, and it was important to zoological experts who gain significant insight into the biodiversity of our planet.

The Fish and Wildlife Service had banned lead ammunition and fishing tackle. Mr Trump’s Secretary of the Interior, Ryan Zinke, has now immediately overturned the sanction with a bow to the National Rifle Association. Hunters love lead bullets and shells because they are soft, expand as they hit a target and provide an easier kill than steel shot. Anyone who has ever fished probably used lead shot as a weight on their line, myself included.

The conservation folks and the health people abhor lead for a variety of reasons including the fact that lead is often in small batches in meat processed from the hunt and is ingested by humans. Lead in the waterways is poisonous and not easily extracted, especially in rural wells. But the biggest drawback to lead ammunition is that most of it ends up on the ground and consumed by critters in the woods who die because of it. Unfortunately, lead in outdoor sports has become a political issue, especially between the conservationists and the hunters. With our modern technology a middle ground is possible, but with the amount of money the environmentalists and the NRA toss out to politicians, it will remain a contentious political football.

Academy Awards, Emmys, Pulitzer Prizes are all honors bestowed upon people who have accomplished something good. An interesting “prize” is having a parasite named after you. Biologist Eric Leis named a newly discovered species of catfish parasite after his mentor, Becky Lasee, Henneguya lasee. This parasite closely resembles Henneguya sutherlandi that was named for Lasee’s late husband and so named by former student Matt Griffin. These parasites are found on the gills of flat-head catfish on the Upper Mississippi.

Gray Fleet

Within the Five Sided Center for You Gotta Be Kiddin’ Me, the Gold Sleeves of the US Navy voiced deep frustration with their Coast Guard counterparts for not rolling over and playing dead. First they suggested that the Coast Guard be placed within the realm of the Navy and out of the Homeland Security office. Painting the cutters haze gray and mounting guns on their decks, they posit, would assist the President in increasing the number of ships while not boosting the budget.

In April the Double Braids stated in the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute* that the Coast Guard deserves the 11.8% cut in budget proposed by Mr Trump because they “cozied up” too much to the previous Commander in Chief, President Obama. The Navy has long been linked to the Republican Party (a survey at Annapolis several years ago noted that the

vast majority of Middies felt more akin to the GOP than the Dems).

On top of this, if that be possible, the President and the Navy espoused the “dis-establishment of the Maritime Safety and Security Teams and the Maritime Security Response Teams” (p7 *Seapower* April 2017). This would eliminate port security and maritime infrastructure protection. Clearly our ports don’t need protection, our merchant sailors don’t need rescuing and illegal aliens are no problem because of the Wall and they probably can’t swim.

Semper Paratus, always prepared, is the Coast Guard motto and they continue to fight for additional ice cutters to assist commercial traffic. With the myriad of missions ranging from drug interdiction to life saving to navigational aid, the Coasties still have their biggest fight on hand, not in the sea or foam nor gale and howling wind but in the Halls of Congress and the corridors of the White House. Ridiculous.

Mr Trump vowed a 350 ship Navy and he has drawn a line in the sand. Perhaps he can best accomplish his goal by redefining what is and what is not a ship. In a recent column I noted the count of ships is a hotly debated subject and differs greatly from the Office of Budget Management, the Defense Department, the White House and Congress. Simply adjust the population by including ships by the group that suggests the greatest numbers.

A quick non oceanic example, a large cargo plane leased by the DOD flies military cargo all over the world but the crew is civilian (the pilot is a relative of mine) and the plane itself is leased by a company which leases it from an investment group which owns a plane leasing company. Is this or is this not a military cargo plane? Is a tanker leased from a company and “rented” to the Navy for a lengthy period of time considered part of the fleet? Politics is the Ship of Fools.

Maritime Fleet

Who owns whom? IAP, a company that develops power electronics and electronic launchers, is owned by BAE Systems Inc. Aerojet Rocketdyne Holdings purchased Coleman Aerospace from L3 Technologies that gives Aerojet Rocketdyne access to Cape Canaveral Air Force Station. LMI Aerospace has merged with Sonaca Group as an element of another group. Fluid Mechanics, who designs injection systems for maritime diesel engines, is part of L’Orange that is owned by Rolls Royce Power Systems that is owned by Rolls Royce Inc. In this flat world, none of the above are totally within the US. Offices may exist in St Louis but the president may be German who answers to a board of a larger group in France with headquarters in Italy. A ship engineered in Germany, built by a company in Italy, is owned by a conglomerate of investment groups in Greece and leased to a company in Los Angeles which in turn leases the ship to a company in Hong Kong and flagged in Panama for the total use of an oil company in Qatar.

For the first time the US will become an exporter of natural gas. America is currently shipping one million barrels of natural gas and a similar amount of Liquid Natural Gas making us a ranking member of the fuel empire and pushing aside OPEC financially and politically. This is simply because of fracking, a complex method of forcing high pressure water and silica sand into limestone deep beneath earth’s surface. Interestingly,

it is relatively cheaper than drilling and the product is more environmentally safe. One maritime official called this “the single biggest energy innovation of the last 100 years.”

Inland Waterways

In 2008 the Cedar River that flows across Iowa and through two of its largest cities flooded to incomprehensible levels, 32’ over flood stage. The inundation in Cedar Rapids destroyed 5,000 houses and the downtown area was a story and a half underwater. One hospital had water 2’ deep on the first floor and the basement that housed all the mechanical devices was completely underwater. City Hall, the Court House and the Federal building were severely damaged.

Since that time the city has developed a myriad of plans for future protection such as large earthen walls and sand filled plastic barriers. In 2016 waters again hammered the city with a 24’ flood. However, this time the protection worked wonders and damage was minor. Now Big Brother from Washington has stepped in and ordered the dams eliminated or else the city gets no future funding for flood control. The Bureaucrats decided that earthen dams were unacceptable and must be replaced with concrete at city expense. To top it off, Governor for Life Terry Branstad dumped a parting gift on the state by eliminating all money designated for flood control. Iowa has a balanced budget clause in the state Constitution and Terry discovered he spent significant levels above the state’s income forcing him to slash tens of millions from already designated money. Mr Branstad has been selected as the new Ambassador to China. A fine mess you got us into this time, Ollie!

Ozinga Brothers Inc is a complete terminal along the Illinois River that provides storage, transfer of goods, barging, repair services, commodity handling, trucking and rail service and barging and towing. The corporation is massive and has centers along the Illinois, Calumet, Des Plaines and Chicago rivers as well as the Chicago Sanitary and Ship canal. This is a monstrous operation that employs a gargantuan number of people but catches little attention outside the maritime trade.

This year the company is building a 50,000 ton dome for handling concrete, a 1.5 thousand ton barge unloading facility in Joliet, Illinois, and a new state of the art unloading and storage unit for fertilizer and aggregates near Henry, Illinois. This, coupled with a 40 acre acquisition near Interstate 80 and the largest inland rail terminal in the US, indicates a commitment to expansion of export trade in Middle America. Corporate officials stated that they constantly promote their core values of service, learning and entrepreneurship. According to their customers, they do as they say.

The Agricultural Transportation Working Group, a loose association of producers, agricultural industries and farm organizations, ship handlers, exporters, port authorities and a myriad of other interested parties have urged Congress to deal with the deteriorating waterways infrastructure. They prescribe a minimum of \$3.1 billion allocation in the Corps of Engineers Inland Waterways Trust. ATWG exhibited data indicating a \$23 billion annual export market of grain and US manufactured products that could disappear without a significantly improved infrastructure.

Unfortunately people prefer to build new things rather than repair old things.

Amassing money for a new university building is easy, gathering funds for a new heating system is nigh on impossible. How much of the United States is actually underwater? See the end of the column for the answer?

Yachts

Don’t you just love crazy people! Mark Kent wants to set a new record for sailing across the Atlantic in the smallest boat ever, 3’ 6”! With a 15’ mast and 300lbs pounds of food and water, this behemoth will follow the current from Africa to Miami. No doubt men in white jackets at the dock in Miami will greet him should he survive.

The world speed record for sailing around the world was set by Thomas Colville in 49 days, 3 hours, 7 minutes and 38 seconds approximately. The previous record was held by fellow Frenchman Francis Joyon who snail paced around the planet in 57 days. Somehow I do not think that Princess Cruise Lines will be trying to break that record.

Back in the day of *Latitudes and Attitudes* magazine, publisher Bob Bitchin decided to upgrade his yacht from his world renowned *Lost Soul* to a new state of the art Shannon Global 52 designed by Walter Schulz. He evidently bartered advertising in his magazine for high tech goodies. Then, in a moment of great regret, Bob decided to allow a “company” to publish his rag so he could sail and write, unfortunately the company was a scam that took everything but the oxygen out of the publication. End of magazine, end of yacht.

With over \$800,000 already invested in the yacht, it remains in the Shannon factory about 70% complete. Both Bob and the Shannon folks would dearly love to rid themselves of this vessel and have reduced purchase price to measly \$250,000. For any high-ender, this is a whale of a deal. See *Cruising Outpost* for details. Oh for a winning lottery ticket!

Good Old Boat, a wonderful magazine published in Minnesota, featured a story about The Slipper 17, a boat previously unknown to me. Nick Hake designed dinghies for several years prior to creating his own company, Starboard Yacht Company. His 17-footer was called both the Slipper 17 and the Seaward 17. Now his Seaward Sailboats is owned by Hake Marine LLC and recently acquired Island Packet yachts and Blue Jacket yachts.

The Slipper 17 is easily recognized by its very high bow and plumb stern. It has a stainless steel centerboard in a ballasted fin keel boasting a draft of 3’ with the board down to a measly 19” with it up. An angled support mast looks weird and is weak but allows a nice single berth up front with an adjacent porta potty. The review noted the boat’s ease of sailing the $\frac{3}{4}$ fractional rig and its transportability at 1,250lbs. The 8’ beam proffers a stable ride and is perfect for the first boat sailors. About 800 of these beauties are floating around and can be had from \$1,500 to \$5,000 with a normal price for a decently used boat at \$2,500.

Nautical History

The modern rudder has a very long and interesting history. In a time before the pharaohs and ancient Egypt most boats were designed with high pointed bows and sterns used mostly for river traffic. Those early boats tended to have the bow and stern held up by lines. Think Kon Tiki. As nautical evolution progressed rowers were added, occa-

sionally two or three decks of them so that by the Polyonesian Wars huge ships with battering rams were the state of the art.

Certainly sails were developed in sundry parts of the world with Egypt making cotton sails while the inhabitants of Polynesia wove leaves to make sails. These old vessels could be steered by the oarsman but large steering oars quickly emerged even on strictly paddled boats. These steerboards (that gave us the word “starboard”) grew in size as the ships were enlarged. Eventually these steerboards were connected directly to the ship as quarter rudders.

Of course, it was the Chinese who designed flat sterns or transoms that allowed an entirely different and more effective and efficient steering mechanism, the modern centerline rudder attached with pintles and gudgeons. Ironically, the Chinese were neither great sailors nor international merchants simply because they had virtually everything they needed. Austronesians from the Pacific, who also emigrated to Madagascar because African coastal people did not create vessels capable of long sea journeys, also settled southern China.

The Muslim expansion from 600-900 AD (I still use this old fashioned calendar system) required them to initiate seafaring despite a religious distaste for sailing. The *Quran* stated, “The sea is a great creature upon which weak creatures ride.” Umar, the second caliph recommended that Arabs be kept away from the sea. “At worst Islam was hostile to the sea, at best, it ignored it.”

The need for trade and protection from marauders required a navy and the Islamic states understood that necessity. At first they often enlisted their sailors from Jews and Coptic Christians. Arabs captured Alexandria especially for the docks and shipyards that they called dar al-sina’a. That was later Anglicized into our word “arsenal.” These arsenals were established from the Strait of Gibraltar to Egypt.

The negative attitude toward the sea was further seen when Abd al-Rahman II created a navy in the 9th century. It was decreed that no Muslim could be drafted against his will for sea duty or people could pay for someone else to fill their slots. Berbers, Visigoths, native fishermen and Copts made up crews of most Arab ships. Unlike the Byzantine fleets where sailors were expected to be rowers, soldiers and ship repairmen, the Arab navy required more specialization. Selected men were trained in ship repair, others were acquired as marines, some were educated as ship builders and some were responsible for supply. Officers had to be skilled in navigation, knowledge of the stars, currents, tides, meteorology and medicine. In the final analysis the Arabs created the first professional navy.

(Answer: In terms of legal jurisdiction, 50% of the US is underwater (thanks *Cruising Outpost*).



Tritonia is a one of a kind Marblehead pond yacht. This boat is said to have been built in 1934 and sailed on Redd's Pond, Marblehead, Massachusetts, through the 1960s. At that time she belonged to Eddie Benjamin who was given the boat by a club member. Eddie worked at the boat yard on the edge of Redd's Pond and owned the boat through the '50s and '60s. The boat was rigged for vane sailing at that time. John Snow, Jim Dolan and others remember sailing against this boat. She disappeared sometime in the late '60s and was discovered in Maine on a shelf in a boat yard by the late Les "Bud" Connor. He recognized the boat and acquired it, returning her to Marblehead.

The author purchased *Tritonia* from Worth Marine in 2000 and restored her, rigging her for RC sailing. The boat came with Bill Bithell sails (fine Egyptian cotton) which were recently retired and replaced with a suit made by Alan Suydam. Her hull is vertical bread and butter construction and she was rigged with original AJ Fisher and some custom fittings. The boat restoration was possible because of the knowledge and skills learned at WoodenBoat School in the classes taught by Alan Suydam and Thom McLaughlin.

Tritonia is very fast and accelerates rapidly in light to moderate winds. She won her class at WoodenBoat School in 2009 and 2011 and placed third in her class at the Bithell Cup on Redd's Pond in October 2011. In 2013 she placed second in the USVMYG National Championship Regatta. In October 2013 she won the Bithell Cup Regatta on Redd's Pond in Marblehead.

Tritonia got her name as a result of comments made at Redd's Pond the day she was purchased, "That boat is a real slug in the water." The men at the pond were referring to the boat purchased by the guy from the Philadelphia area, the author. *Tritonia* is the name of a type of sea slug. The boat is an excellent light to moderate air boat and fun to sail. She does not do too badly in high winds either



Tritonia showing a clean pair of heels. (Photo by Jane Peterson)

With all due respect to the gentlemen of Marblehead, their memories and comments were much different during the 2013 Bithell Cup. They now remember, "...Eddie Benjamin's boat to be fast back then." Biff Martin leaned in during a fast downwind leg and said "Eddie Benjamin would be proud."

Condition

Tritonia was in very rough shape when acquired. The author had no idea what would be involved to get the boat ready to sail. Here is a list of the observed conditions:

Tritonia

A 1934 Marblehead

By John Stoudt
Reprinted from *The Model Yacht Journal* of the
US Vintage Model Yacht Group

The deck was too small. It was .1875 smaller in length and width. The ballast bolts were rusted fast. The ballast bolts were cast into the lead ballast. The ballast was loose but in good condition.

There was a "wooden keystone" that aligned the ballast on the keel.

There was a brass handle attached under the ballast bolts.

The five coats of paint were peeling and chipping on the hull: copper, blue, green, cream and one coat of anti fouling paint.

The hatch was a poor fit and a recent addition.

The rig was of recent construction, in usable condition and fitted with Bill Bithell sails made of fine Egyptian cotton.

The turnbuckles, gooseneck, jib fitting and jenny stay (upper spreader) were AJ Fisher fittings.

All other fittings were custom made of .0469 sheet brass.

The vane steering gear was missing except for a brass post on a square brass base.

A few loose fitting deck beams were found when the deck was removed. These beams had no curvature.

The inside of the hull had two coats of paint, cream over a green.

The rudder was sheet steel covering something that gave it some weight, perhaps wood.

The rudder tube was loose in the hull.

The rudder shoe was made out of sheet steel and was in poor condition.

Clean Up



Tritonia at rest. (Photo by Nicholas Genovese)

The boat needed a lot of clean up before the reconstruction could begin. The process was as follows:

Detailed sketches were made and dimensions taken so the original locations could be taken into consideration as the boat was reassembled and rigged.

The fittings were removed from the deck and the hull.

The deck, which was coated with cream colored paint, was removed from the hull. This involved the removal of over 40 brass wood screws. Many were stripped in their holes.

Finish remover was used to clean three coats of paint from the deck. Hole patterns on the deck were studied to determine what the original rig may have looked like. There were so many holes it was impossible to make any logical deduction about the arrangement of the original deck fittings.

The inside of the hull was cleaned using finish remover, cabinet scrapers and a rotary sanding pad on a Dremel tool. The inside of the hull was covered with drill marks made by a drill that might have been a modified Forstner bit. This was used to maintain the hull thickness during the construction process. These marks were about 1.25" in diameter. The tip and cutting edge of this bit had been modified so it did not cut too deeply into the hull. The hull thickness was very uniform at slightly less than .25".

The hull had been constructed using vertical bread and butter. Three quarter inch pine was used throughout.

The top inside edge of the hull had an irregular lip around its entirety.

The rudder tube entry point and the area where it was attached were oversized and going to need extensive work.

The sails, as mentioned, had been made by Bill Bithell prior to his death. It is said that Greg Worth had multiple sets of Marblehead sails made by Bill in his later years.

The sails are single panel sails. The foot of the mainsail was attached its entire length with a Jack line. The shape of these sails was exceptional and the boat, once completed, sailed well. The performance did not seem to be hindered by a fixed footed mainsail.

The ballast bolts and nuts had to have many applications of rust inhibitor applied before the nuts would release and the ballast could be removed from the hull.

Reconstruction of the Hull

Many things needed to be done to the hull to prepare it for use as an RC sailboat.

The exterior of the hull was sanded lightly. Some filler was used in the process of fairing the hull and the ballast was re adhered to the fin keel with thickened West System Epoxy (WSE) and faired into the hull.

A 2" wide strip of 1oz fiberglass cloth was applied to the entire centerline on the outside of the hull, for strength at that seam, and faired into the hull. Both the inside and outside of the hull were then coated with WSE.

A uniform rabbet was routed along the inside edge of the top of the hull to provide a place for the deck beams to rest. Deck beams were then cut, notched, sealed and epoxied in location using thickened WSE.

Using a longboard, the top edge of the deck beams were shaped (faired) into a uniform curved surface.

The rudder tube was remade out of .25 ID brass tubing, epoxied and faired into the hull. The area on the inside of the hull was rebuilt using thickened WSE and a rudder thwart added. A new rudder shoe was made using .0625 sheet brass.

A longboard is a .125"x3"x15" piece of aviation plywood with adhesive backed #120 grit sand paper attached. Handles can be added to make holding it easier. This will flex to the shape being sanded and will sand down the high points of the area being faired into a smooth curve.

Reconstruction of the Deck

A new deck had to be built using 1/8" aviation plywood. Today a special wooden deck might be constructed using planking technique with fiberglass reinforcing on the bottom of the deck.

A .125 aviation grade plywood deck was cut slightly oversize. Small hatch openings were made for final fitting at a later time. The deck dimensions were checked often to

ensure a good fit.

The deck was dry fitted using tape, weights, elastic bands and clamps to ensure a tight fit between the hull, deck beams and the deck. Everything was then removed.

Thickened WSE was applied to the top of all of the hull edges, deck beams and hatch opening frames. The tape, weights, elastic bands and clamps were reapplied to match the dry fit described above.

The seams between the hull and deck, and deck and hatch frames, were checked to ensure that there was "ooze" all along the joints and, after the epoxy had set, the clamping arrangement was removed.

The deck edge was then planted and sanded flush with the hull.

The hatch openings in the deck were filed and sanded until flush with the hatch frames.

The rear hatch cover was made to fit into the rear hatch opening. The rear hatch cover could be cut out of the deck with a sharp knife so the grain matches. This would give a grain match appearance on the deck. The fit will need to be worked slightly to account for the multiple coats of finish that will be applied to the deck opening area and the hatch cover. The rear hatch cover was attached with four $\frac{3}{8}$ " #1 flathead brass wood screws. After the finish was applied and rubbed out, a very thin piece of adhesive backed foam insulation was adhered to the bottom edge of the hatch cover to ensure a waterproof fit.

The main hatch frame was built out of L-shaped wood and fitted to the deck, joining it to the deck with thickened WSE. It was made to fit tightly over the hatch opening frame.

The fittings were reinstalled on the deck at the original locations.

Improving Titania

Throughout the process conversations were had with various people regarding ways to complete the boat and to make *Tritonia* competitive. When the author went to WoodenBoat School in 2007 to take Alan Suydam's class to build a Vintage 36, Alan and the author had conversations about the hull construction, the size and shape of the rudder, the rig and the use of cotton sails. Thom McLaughlin, Pete and Jane Peterson, Andy Abrahamson and others were also consulted.

The rudder needed to be replaced because it was dented, heavy and overall in very poor condition. The decision focused on what size and shape a replacement rudder should take. I sketched and built least four rudders until the current shape was finalized.

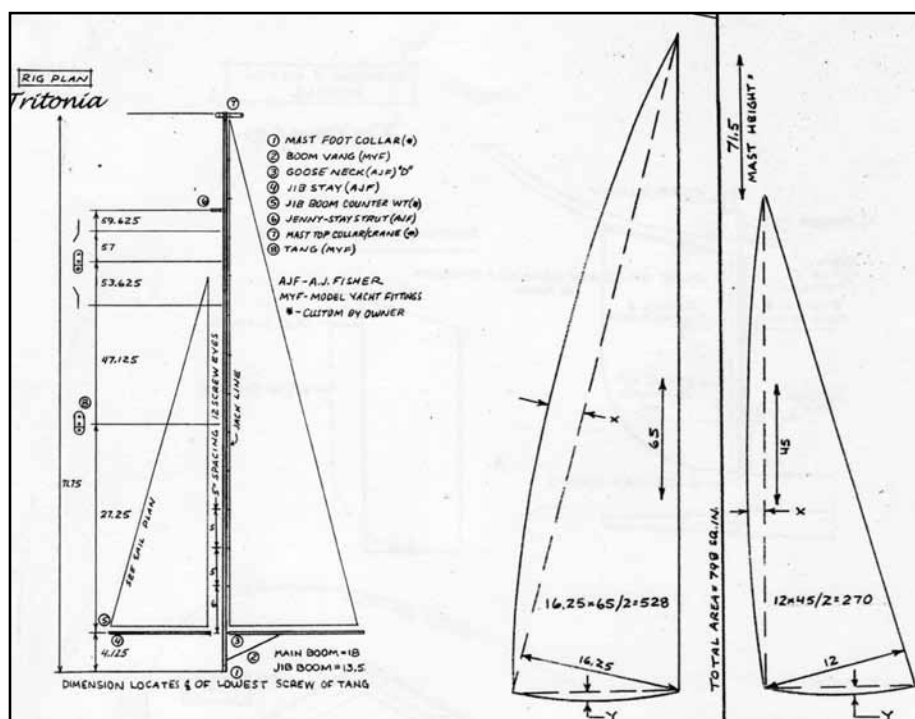
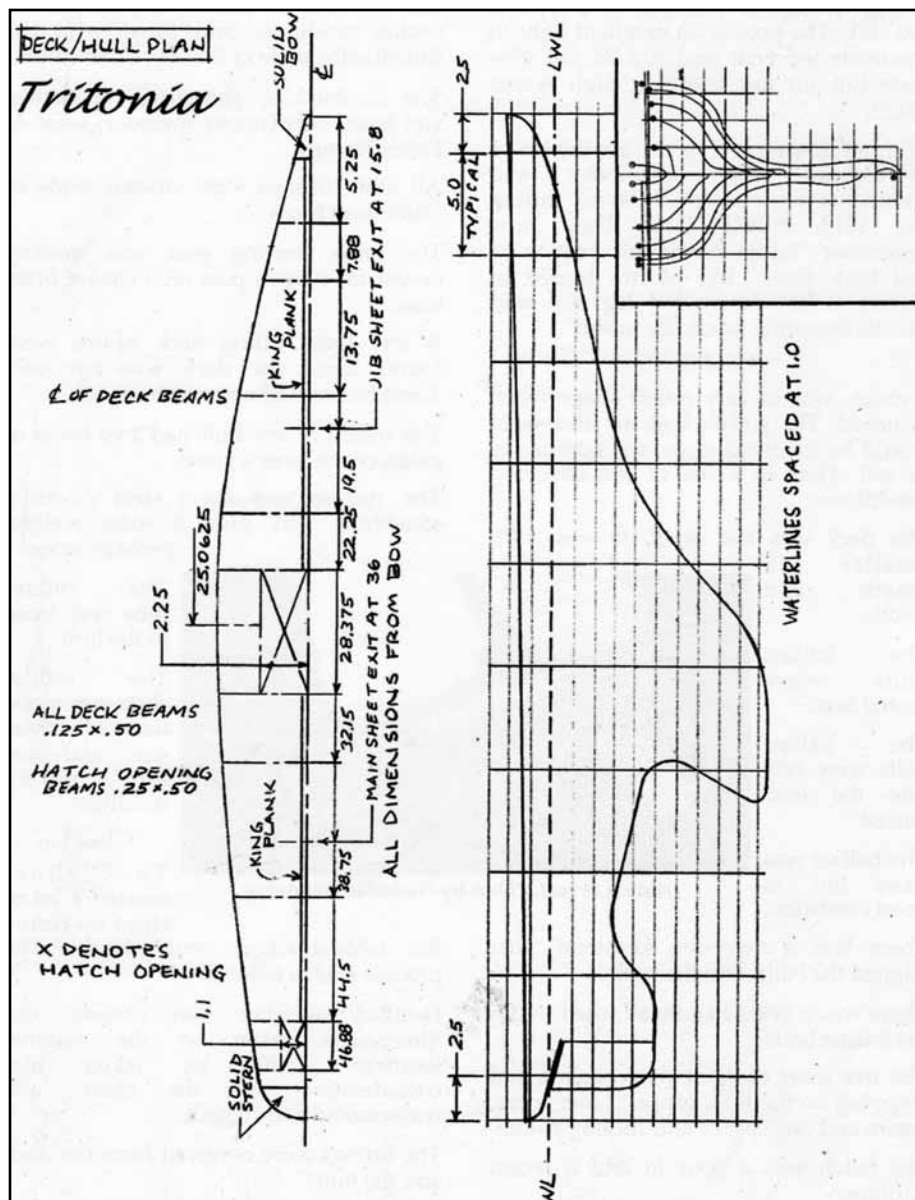
The curvature of the deck had little crown. The owner followed the design of the old deck. In retrospect the deck should have a more pronounced crown of .375".

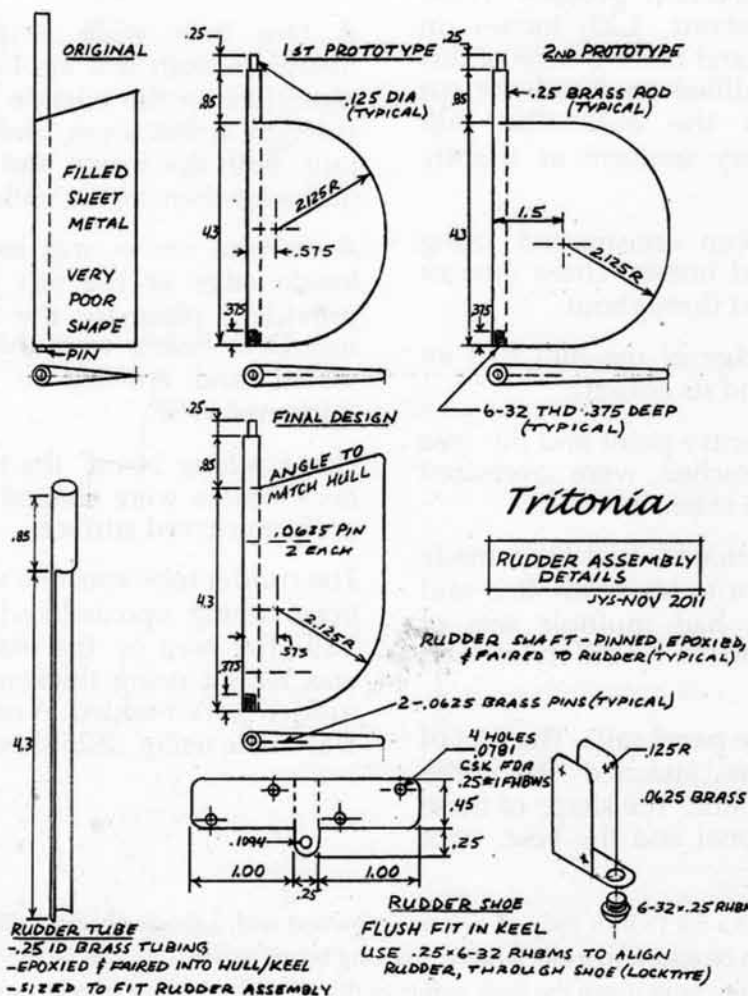
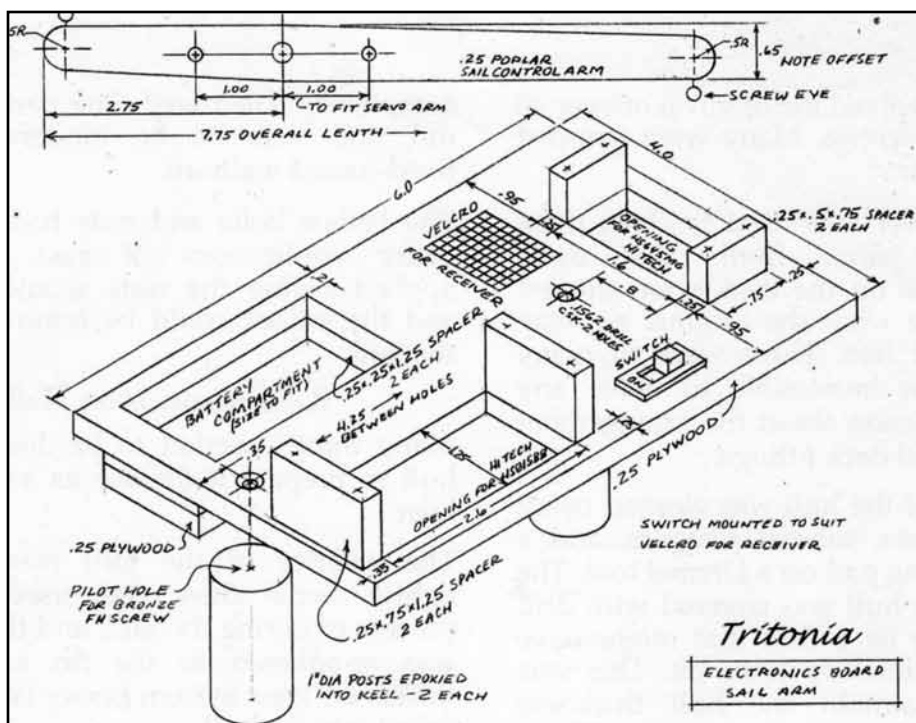
Through sailing *Tritonia* in numerous events and having discussions more recently with Ivor Walton and others I've made additional improvements.

The height of the rig seemed a bit low, especially for light air. I increased the height of the rig 3". This improved the performance markedly. She catches air more easily, accelerates quickly, and sails fast in light to moderate air.

The mainsail hit the lower shroud when running with the wind. I moved the shroud racks forward one screw hole position. The open hole was filled with a brass wood screw the same size as those used to secure the shroud rack to the deck.

The jib boom attachment point was .4" back from the front of the jib boom because





the original AJ Fisher fitting was re used. Of course this was a vane steered boat and the downwind jib movement was controlled by a traveler, no longer in use. Without the traveler the dynamics of the jib sail are totally different using the original fitting at the forwardmost point of the jib boom. I corrected this by moving the jib attachment point back 20% of the length of the foot of the jib sail or 2.4"

Building *Tritonia II*

I've thought about making a *Tritonia II* with design changes to improve her boat speed. Some of these changes are the result of attending the Elements of Boat Design class at WoodenBoat School taught by John Brooks. In the class we discussed how low this boat sits in the water. The leeward side of the deck is awash when she is close hauled. Theoretically this increases the waterline when heeled over. This may also slow the boat. In the new version I would increase the deck height .25" above the waterline the entire length of the boat.

Studying photographs of *Tritonia* under sail shows when she has reached maximum hull speed she squats in the stern and starts to climb her bow wave. Her rounded stern contributes to this squatting in the stern. The cure would be to straighten the lines of the hull at the stern on the sides to give the boat more flotation in the stern, as shown on the revised plan.

As one studies other boats built in the '30s one will find the keel and skeg on *Tritonia* to be unusual. The keel is rather long and the skeg is pronounced and extends forward to the keel. The keel begins to form just before the deep keel and continues aft to and includes the skeg.

I would correct this by shortening the keel length to begin just before the deep keel and eliminating the full keel shape from the deep keel to the skeg, as shown on the revised plan. I would also reshape the skeg as shown.

The original hull is bread and butter construction on vertical lifts. For the new boat I would use plank on frame construction. Finally, I would make no changes to the rig, but I would cut the deck beams to increase the crown on the deck to $3/8''$.



"Didn't she just talk about that work table?" Yes. Yes, I did but the work table about which I spoke before became unusable because, well, to quote W.C. Fields (which come to think of it I probably have before, but anyway) "Things happened," so the formulation of a Plan "B" became necessary.

First it became necessary that the first step in this process had to be to put together, something on which I could stand while working at whatever table which I came up with since a retrofit skylight in the Airstream in which I am now living had allowed things to happen to the floor in there that can happen to floors in such situations.

For example, moisture and bacteria get together and say, "Let's make potting soil!" (Need I mention that the above mentioned retrofit was less than totally successful on all points? And, of course, I changed the blue tarp over the skylight at what I hoped were appropriate intervals, but well). OK, so maybe not all of that floor had totally gotten to that point yet (the potting soil stage, I mean) but it was close enough so that some pretty immediate action needed to be taken. Here are two "before" pictures, one showing the one by sixes (at the top and bottom of the picture) which were used as sort of a bridge to walk on so I wouldn't step through the mushy OSB of which the last temporary improvisation (circa 2002 or so) was composed, and one showing the "before" floor with the one by sixes removed for use elsewhere.



Here is the floor "after," that part of a rectangle at the lower right is the oven door, which fell off anyway so I'm using it in a spot where it was needed. I'm now regretting not having taken "before" pictures of the area I mentioned in Part V that I said I was considering as the site in which *Dancing Chicken* would re hatch and in which I had stored some things. When I say, "I had stored some things," well, I guess everybody knows what a wide range of actualities can be covered by that phrase.

Dancing Chicken

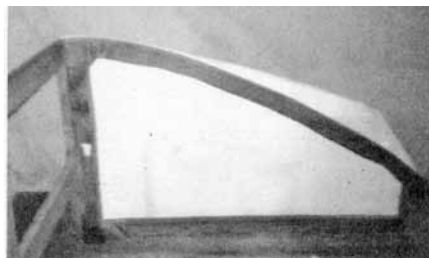
A Mini-Saga in (?) Parts Part VI

Copyright 2017 Gloria Sadler Burge



Then, of course, the next puzzle piece was the table itself and how to wrest it from the realm of conjecture into that of reality. More pallets? Indeed, those wonderful ready made modules will probably end up being the solution to that problem as well. I had been in the process of gathering some that had been stored or in use elsewhere on the site, but then the weather got too busy doing things that weather likes to do in the spring in Maine to help me with that right away so I'll have to wait 'til I get around to it.

So next, the plans. In Part V I mentioned a photo I still had after the fire because I had my Android in my pocket when I went up the trail to get that can of kerosene. Here's that one, from this photo it shouldn't be a problem to loft the bow section of the original *Dancing Chicken*. Then again, since the original *Dancing Chicken* was intended to be a scaled down version of a Sucher scow, and since I have been pretty sure since then that the scaling I did may have been somewhat inaccurate, I thought about giving that part another shot. At the time I had neither the access to any computerized software for doing these sorts of things, nor the knowledge of how to use it, so I just did that part sort of intuitively or something.



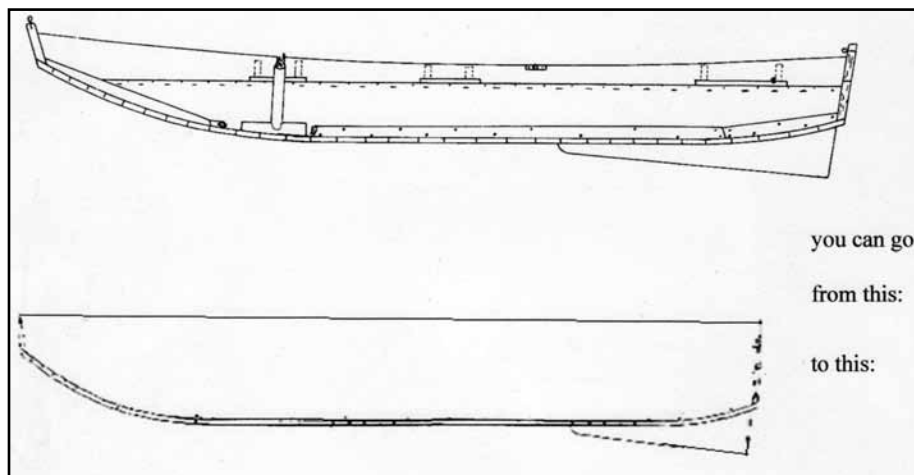
As a matter of fact, I still don't have access to boat building software, but I just found out that I can go from this to this using Microsoft Paint. The original scow is 13'6" and the modification is not to scale but is about 10', although at this point I do have some elbow room regarding the length.

"Why on earth would anyone want to do that?!" I can imagine someone asking, since the Sucher scow is graceful and beautiful and the modification is kind of well, maybe a little bit clunky looking. But she looks a lot like a drawing I remember doing a while ago, which I no longer have, of the original *Dancing Chicken*. And I think that maybe a boat built from a plan taken from that drawing might work and might fulfill some of the design criteria such as being easy to build and comfortable to use, etc.

Meanwhile, to quote Sallowpad the raven in *The Horse and His Boy* by C.S. Lewis, "Nests before eggs." So, the table. Since it's fairly mild and it's Friday and the weather looks like maybe it's had its fun with the really challenging stuff for the moment, (right now it's just foggy), it looks good for that to be able to start to happen. I know where there's at least one pallet that's available for whatever. Hmmm. Also a board and a refrigerator door that's part of what I was using as sort of an auxiliary work table out back of the Terry Camper, composed of an old Workmate, the water heater from the Terry Camper (which I removed back when I converted the living room and part of the kitchen into the workroom for *Talitha Cumi*) and the above mentioned refrigerator door.



So I've definitely got some possible looking puzzle pieces. Also, there is a weekend coming up in which I will probably be able to put some of these together and try to get something to start hatching (or re hatching)? We shall see.



At the end of the last episode I had concluded that this build had cost more than I had expected (\$450+) and weighed more than I had hoped (39lbs), but I also realized that these problems were largely the result of my own decisions and inexperience with the SOF construction. I had some unexpected problems coating the new 10oz polyester fabric but overall had thoroughly enjoyed the build and was looking forward to the first “sea trials.”

Also, I had some thinking to do about my next project, whether to immediately build the second Chuckanut 12 or to try something different first such as a Josh Withe “Sawfish” foam kayak or even the new Dave Gentry “Chataqua” sailing canoe.

I had also thought I was pretty much done with the first Chuckanut 12 build but found there were a lot of details remaining. Therein lies this tale.

The GCI SitBacker Canoe/Stadium seat fit reasonably well into the kayak, but did require the last inch or so of the cockpit coaming to be removed so the frame would rest nicely on the fabric covering of the carlins and would provide enough fore and aft movement of the seatback to adjust for comfort. The seat also has heavy adjustable straps underneath to permit attaching to a canoe seat or stadium bench, so all that was required was a 1”x3” to be attached athwartship under the floorboards to hold the seat in place but allow a little fore/aft movement. And the seat is easily removable for travel if necessary.



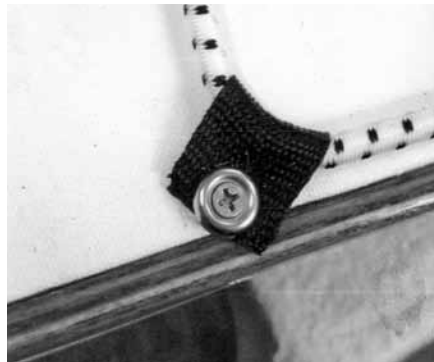
Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 Build

Part 4

Stuff You Have Left To Do After You Think You Are Done

By Jim Brown

I have seldom used the deck bungees on kayaks in the past but what the heck, it seems they might come in handy some day, so I went ahead and installed the only bungee cord I could find locally, which was $\frac{5}{16}$ ” black and white and the color went well with the white deck.



It also became apparent that a footrest would be needed to keep the force transmitted through the paddle from pulling the paddler forward off the seat. This little adjustable thing was clamped to the floorboards with wingnuts so it could be moved to accommodate both my 5’4” wife and 6’3” myself.



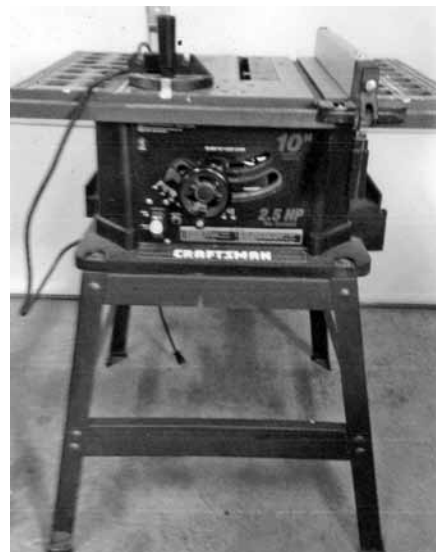
The next agenda item was some stainless fittings to hang the kayaks from the hoists I had installed a couple of years ago on the garage ceiling. These two eye straps were installed in the center stringer just forward of frame #2 and in the center of frame #4. The ceiling pulley mounts needed to be moved slightly to adjust for the new kayaks. The cheapo hoists had been obtained from Amazon for about \$25 each and work fine.



A quick test showed the Thule Stacker mounts on the Forester would not be satisfactory for this SOF kayak as they had been for the hardshell plastic kayaks as they tended to push in on the fabric and hang up on the gunnels. Rats! I had given away my J mounts when I sold our Pungos. Oh well, back to Amazon for some cheapo J mounts.

In previous episodes I had mentioned some saw difficulties. The first was with an old Craftsman bandsaw which I had inherited from a father-in-law. The tire on the top wheel of the saw had disintegrated and I had been unable to stretch the Sears replacement tire enough to fit the 8” diameter wheel. I had been running the saw with no tire on that wheel. A semi pro woodworking neighbor who has hands about twice the size of mine was able, with the help of some clamps and levers, to get the tire on the wheel. I then spent several hours doing all the adjustments I should have checked long ago and the saw seems to run fine.

The second problem was with my Craftsman table saw which had been damaged such that the blade tilt mechanism could not be adjusted to return the blade to vertical. A cursory look at the manual indicated this would be a difficult and time consuming problem to fix, and I needed to make use of the beautiful fall weekend ahead to have a chance of splashing this boat before cold weather. So to expedite the ripping of the stringers, I consulted the Knoxville craigslist and found a smaller and older Craftsman table saw with a new carbide blade for \$100. All that was required was an almost 100 mile round trip and it was mine. The saw worked fine throughout the project.



After the boat was completed I had time to remove the legs from my larger table saw, turn it upside down on the work table and

really look inside. At first I couldn't find any problem, but then I noticed a groove in the threaded shaft that adjusts the blade tilt. It turns out that a $\frac{7}{16}$ " e clip was supposed to be in that groove and, when replaced, the problem was solved. I lubed everything inside with teflon dry lube per the manual and she works like new. The smaller saw was also lubed and adjusted and put on craigslist for the \$100 I had in it and it sold in a couple of days at the asking price, so all is well in the shop.

Interestingly, a new Harbor Freight store opened in Knoxville recently and the table saw they sell is exactly, except for the color, like this older Craftsman and sells for \$140 but when on sale for as low as \$100. It does not include the stand (\$40) but I think (the catalog description is not clear) it includes a blade of some sort and a larger motor.

So what is next. We won't get this kayak in the water until warmer weather, not because it couldn't be done but because at the tender age of 83 I just don't want to get out in the cold to do it! I have decided to build a Sawfish 12 foam kayak just to try another new construction method and to see how it compares to the Chuckanut 12. I journeyed to Home Depot and got some pink foam and almost all the other supplies needed to build Sawfish for a total of \$141. Only cheap fabric and maybe some more paint needed. Not bad.

This raises a key question. What do I enjoy more, building the boats or using the

boats I have built? I have decided that I am basically a "builder of things," though I only like building useful things that we can enjoy. I am definitely not one who just likes to "putter around" in the shop making useless stuff. And I would rather use something I have built than buy something already made. So what is the answer? Hmmm...

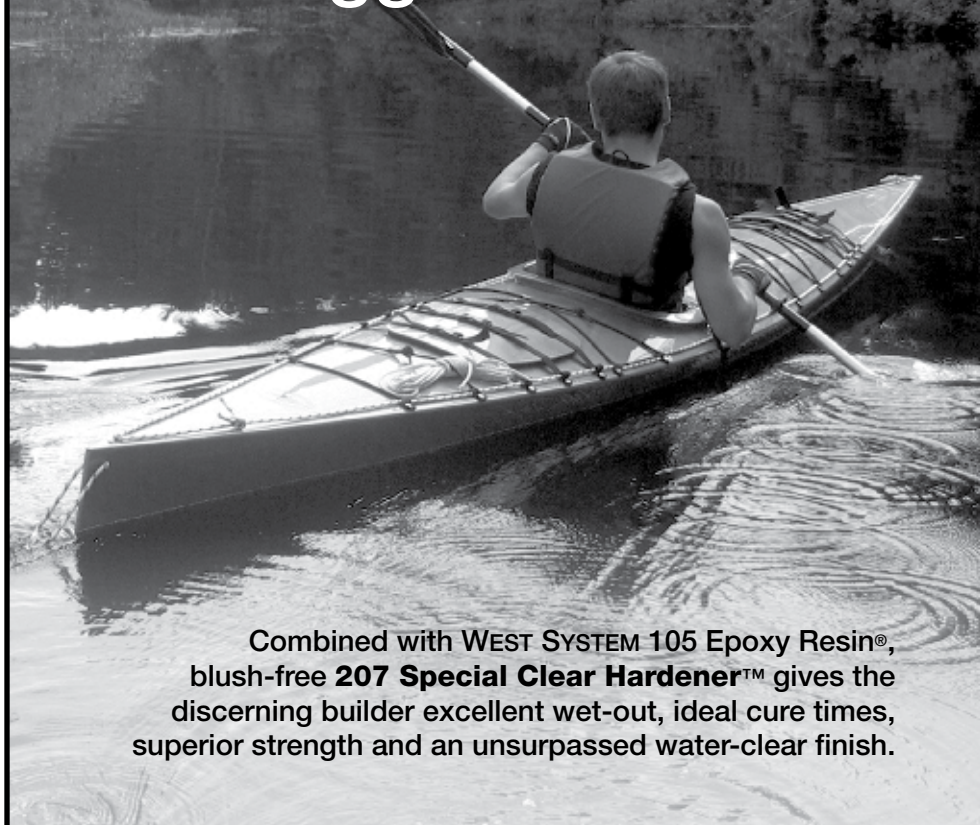
There have been several other retirements since that one in 1985! Like when I retired from running a Florida psych hospital in 1993. Strange job for an engineer you say? Stranger than you can imagine. Then after a move from Florida to coastal North Carolina, a real estate broker and a residential contractor. Now in east Tennessee enjoying life and building/restoring small boats. Another story for another time!

As an aside, this is a picture of a gift from my group of engineers upon my first retirement way back in 1985, which now hangs on the shop wall. The meanings of the pig latin and the symbols are self evident and reflect our mind set at the time. The small aluminum drone propeller was also given to me by the same guys on the occasion of obtaining my Instrument Rating for our Piper Archer. I loved flying but some things just don't fit into the retirement situation. Small boats are the thing now and we have the Gheenoe with the 5hp Mercury four stroke for when we don't feel like paddling, but just cruising around the many lakes nearby.



Thank you all for taking the time to read these epistles. I will definitely report back later on comparing the Chuckanut 12 and the Sawfish 12 kayaks in both the building experiences and in the water. Until then, Faire Winds!

Rugged. Beautiful.



Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free 207 Special Clear Hardener™ gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



**WEST
SYSTEM®**

866-937-8797

www.westsystem.com

The big meet at Cedar Key was a little different this year, the wind on Saturday was 20 to 30 and gusting higher. Only a few hardy souls went out and were lucky to make it back from the island. I can't tell how many boats were there because most weren't on the beach. None of the dozens of canoes and kayaks were out. Helen and I did launch on Sunday morning and had a nice couple of hour's sail. Click on this link to see a lot more boats and who they belonged to: <http://wctss.ij.net/photos159.html>.

Kevin Lott and his beautiful black mel-onseed always puts on a show while Helen and I just slip along.



I think the most impressive boat there was this dinky little 12' Scamp. It's really a huge boat inside and while the rest of them were beating themselves to death, these guys were just zipping along like it was a calm day at the pond. Kevin and I chased them down for half an hour and just barely caught up with them. There is something truly magical in this design, that's why there are two of them going together right now in our shop.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Another worthy mention was this one, Marian wanted a solid, stable motorboat and, taking a page out of my book, got an old O'Day sailboat and used its hull for a motorboat. He stayed dry and comfortable the whole weekend.



I have to mention Simon and his Goat Island Skiff. He's fearless and a little nuts and will go out in anything. It doesn't look too windy because the wind was blowing the tops off of the waves. We watched him from our balcony window and couldn't believe how fast he got that Goat going. He later said that he was up to 18 knots. It looks like turning may have been a challenge.



My friend Chip has a Coronet that's made in Sweden or Finland, something like that. It looks like the perfect boat for water that stays around freezing all year. It has twin Volvo inboard/outboards, I advised him to switch over to something with an outboard motor. The water around here is usually only knee deep.



And how can you say this is an ugly boat? It's a 21' aluminum Loan Star. Our friend Johnny Mac moved to the North Carolina Outer Banks area and got one of these. It's really old, 1967 I think he said, but if it floats should be the perfect boat. I actually like the looks. He got his for the scrap price of the metal, what a deal. It reminds me of some kind of PT boat. I think the condition of his is somewhere between these two. I hope more to the finished one's side.



We need three new steering wheels so Howard dug the Shopsmith out and is turning some for us. Two will be very old red cedar and one is from plywood, this one looks great. I've said this before about Howard, it doesn't matter how hard something is, he'll tackle it if it challenges him. All we have to do is to get his old tool and die maker brain going and there's no stopping him.



When Red moved to a fancy retirement home he gave me his Sunfish for my granddaughter Laylah. She's coming from Utah for a visit so I had a sticker made for her. We'll see if her dad still knows how to sail.



Steve Brookman sent this one showing a rowboat he made during the long Maine winter. I think he was just proving to me that the water isn't always frozen up above the Florida line. They bought a really old farmhouse that needed a 110% rebuild. When I ask why he didn't just bulldoze it down and start over he said something about the feel of old houses or ghosts of something. Anyone living year round in Maine probably has something special going on upstairs. This is a pretty cool rowboat, I like the wide flat bottom.



Jimmy's melonseed is all primed and ready for some paint. He's still surprised every time he sees this and can't believe he did it. Actually I think most of us feel that way when we look back at what we created. That's the shocked look on his face.



John is building us a fancy little house out in the woods, it'll have lots of design features but the one we all want is a wooden Kraken to hold the porch roof up. We've assigned Howard the job of duplicating something like this in wood. This was Helen's choice since it's her favorite rum.



Want a Canal Boat Built?

From Dave Lucas

If you ask the right man who has access to a bunch of bored, snowed in Buffalonians you'll probably can get one as long as you realize that it's going to be built exactly like they did it in the old days with no compromise you won't have any problems. The word compromise is not in Roger Allen's vocabulary.

"Hey, Captain Dave, look at this little boat we just launched into the locks in Lockport, New York. 51'7", draws 9" light. Carries 14 tons of cargo. Built of Cortez Teak (pressure treated yellow pine) and finished with pine tar/linseed oil finish. All put together with cut boat spikes. 1" thick planking for the topsides and 3" thick bottom (double planked). She isn't actually hogged the way she appears to be in the images. She does have that pt green look though." Rahj.

To see more try these: <https://drive.google.com/open?id=0B33YksImXG0DSW1IR2EyYkMxdXc>

http://www.lockportjournal.com/news/local_news/an-erie-traveler-emerges/article_2f6bebb6-7fc7-50e0-95f1-90c0f84a77fb.html

<http://buffalonews.com/2017/05/11/volunteer-built-canal-boat-arrives-in-lockport/>



ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

**2017
Our 26th Season**

**Would you like to
read more, lots more,
about sea kayaking?**

**SUBSCRIBE
NOW!**

*Atlantic Coastal
Kayaker* will bring
you 36 pages monthly
all about sea kayaking,
8 times a year
(March through
December)

**All this
for only \$24
(8 issues)**

**Like to see the next
issue? Just ask.**

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ Zip: _____

Send check for \$24 payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

224 Argilla Rd

Ipswich, MA 01938

(978) 356-6112

(Phone & Fax)

ackayak@comcast.net

A Modest Proposal Final Edition

I think life is a lot like a banana split. By the time we've had the banana, hopefully we've tried all the flavors and all the toppings. Way back, almost a year ago, I had this hairball idea. Actually, at the time I figured it was bordering on a genius idea and it's still pretty good. But like they say, "the jury is still out." The fat lady hasn't sung yet. It's not quite ALL she wrote. And, of course, it ain't over 'til it's over.

Gypsy Wagon is an operational entity. She's far from "complete" but nothing new in that. At least here at the Frankenwerke we never quite get done with any of our creations, there's always a "better idea." GW is no exception.



At the moment she's tarped against a steady trickle of rainwater that finds a way under several of her openable windows. And I'm pretty sure one of the forward cockpit drains doesn't, so a rather consistent pond forms in the bilge. And, I say, so what?

It would appear that GW will only find a use (in the water) over the next few months if the sun is shining because, like that recurrent line from *The Gong Show*, "survey said... nobody wants to come on a boat trip and get rained on..." Me neither and we are having one of the wettest, coldest, stormiest seasons in living memory.

So the boat that I built to accompany us on all those trips to local and exotic venues will have to await developments. If nobody shows up for the planned boat trips, we certainly won't need a courtesy barge for people not to hang out in. But you probably already knew that.

At the moment we have other, more pressing projects here at Frankenwerke. And, concurrently, our Department of Hairball Ideas is festering a grand, new, mission for *Gypsy Wagon*. Could be pretty cool.



A Day Off

It's like this, I've been chipping away at some significant home repairs and general honeydo's over the past couple or three weeks. No particular heroics there, part of the basic entrance fee we all pay. But the problem started when I decided to take a bit of a boat trip. Just a day hop, nothing out of the ordinary. Just gonna hook up and head out, the same thing all of us do whenever we can. SWMBO said, "Have a good time." Jamey the sea dog said, "We ain't left yet?"

Report from Almost Canada

By Dan Rogers

I did some racking and stacking. *Lady Bug* got moved from the driveway where she's been hanging out since I had to pull her from the shop to cut a bazillion lineal feet of cedar T&G, and needed a place to varnish it.



Gypsy Wagon got moved to *Lady Bug*'s winter quarters. *Lady Bug* moved to *Miss Kathleen*'s shed out in the woods and *Miss K* was already hooked up to Big Red. And there I stood at the kitchen window wondering if I should just stay home and keep working. Yep, pretty pathetic, huh?



So then I started thinking about where I should "go." The first couple of lakes I thought of were "too small." The river was "running too fast and the water is still too shallow." Another lake was "too far away." Another was OK but the ramp is pretty flat. It was getting pretty serious.

Crisis time, I was actually headed out to unhook the trailer and maybe get back to hanging that soffit. Maybe finish moving that gravel in behind that retaining wall. Maybe, almost.

I think that was when Jamey jumped up and pulled his leash from the hook by the door and dropped it at my feet. Fish or cut bait time if ever there was one. OK, all aboard. I called Brad. "Hey Brad. I'll be passing your house in about 15 minutes. Wanna take a boat ride?"

"Er, I got stuff to do, stuff I gotta do. Maybe another time? Er, why do today what you can put off to tomorrow, slow down and I'll jump in." Wow, that was really a close call. I almost didn't go. Almost. We headed north for Priest Lake. It got cloudy and started to rain. The mountains along the route were all covered with what looks like new snow. The first of May. Wind getting blustery.



An hour later we pulled into one of the big resort complexes to see what things looked like on the ramp and, not surprisingly, we're the ONLY boat. I didn't really like the ramp so we went next door.

There were, at least, other people at this ramp. It's the Forest Service ramp, they were just opening for business today. Cold, rainy, no other boats but the ranger lady came out and wanted to know about *Miss K*. Seems she lives on a 26' sailboat here at the lake during her summer sessions. Pretty cool. A great conversation with somebody who actually knows what a Carrick bend is supposed to look like, if you know what I mean. And she didn't even charge us to launch.



Gray, raining, starting to blow, cold. What's not to love? A couple of hours out and around the two principal islands surveying for Boy Scout camping sites accessible by water. And then back on the trailer.

I'm pretty sure that's why we have these boats. You know, to put 'em in the water and go places even for just a couple of hours. Even if it's raining, even if there's a list of excuses. But. It was a close call.



What's Missing in This Picture?



Yep. Other boats, other people. Two days after Cinco de Mayo the rain stopped and the morning temp skyrocketed up past 40°. Too good to pass up. First Mate Jamey has been bugging me to hook up and head out. I was sorta caught up on honeydo's, fresh out of excuses. It's been just a hangnail short of two fists worth of fingers counting the months since I've seen Chimney Rock, this time with snow.



Funky little Granite Creek Resort was totally deserted. The faded sign at the ramp says "Honor system, \$7 to launch, \$3 to park all day. Put your money in the box. Thanks." In some ways the place hasn't changed a lot since it was started in 1931. I'm guessing that shack by the ramp is original equipment.



It's a tight fit at the ramp but good depth, good shelter and, of course, no traffic. We popped her in and parked in our "usual spot" up the dirt road a bit. What with snow still falling at higher elevations we should have lotsa water this year. In fact, Granite Creek was setting up a swirl and eddies most of a mile out into the lake from the river's mouth, like a tide rip.



As we headed up the lake it was turning out to be a really nice day and we were definitely not in Kansas.



The cup is a keepsake from my trip to Sail Oklahoma a couple years back. It sits next to one from my 30' sailboat, *Raindance*. It's the one on the left here. *Raindance* and I went over 10,000 nautical miles in eight years. That was back in SOCAL. With a high of about 50° today, we weren't in California either.



And no, not Texas either. The hat is a memento from my first trip to the TX-200 and that was almost as many fingers of years ago. This was certainly one of those "No place to go to be and all day not to get there" days.



We moseyed on up north. Lotsa mountains.



Gobs of clouds.



And it was just the strangest thing. I suspect it happened when there was still ice covering the lake, well into spring. Dunno for sure but there is this alluvial deposit about the size of a baseball infield that resembles of snow drift. I suppose this is how the sandy beaches get their sand. The stream piles it up and when the lake water level recedes it gets shoved around. It'd be interesting to go snorkeling and check it out up close and personal, but maybe not just yet.



In the squinty background, off to port, is the only boat out there with me. They were, in fact, the only people I had occasion to actually talk to all day and that was limited to a "howdy, nice day, eh?" sort of exchange as I headed back out.



Next stop was at the north end of the lake, Lion's Head. A bit of shore leave for the crew. This is a state park campground with parking and tent sites and a launch ramp and that sort of stuff for gobs of people. They all stayed home today. The trip back to Granite Creek was about a carbon copy of the trip outbound. No people, no boats, no conversations, no shared memories of a great day on the water. Oh well, maybe next time?

"I don't plan to go over."

How many of us have that little thought or one of its versions in our subconscious when we do an ocean outing? I've known a few, including me. How about you?

I suspect very few folks, especially if they plan to stay near shore, do any realistic "what-iffing" about themselves and their boats and equipment, 'cause if they did they mightn't go out there.

I also suspect there's a lot of equipment in ocean use that may not help you save your life if your plan to stay dry gets changed for you, including the major piece between you and the chill water—your boat.

After talking boat design and philosophy with board member Chuck Mainville one day, then subsequently losing count of the times I thought an affirmative thought on the safety and performance features his designs incorporate, I phoned and asked him to write us an article.

Here 'tis:

25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

Reprinted from the Cape Ann Rowing Club Newsletter. Production & Design by Sea Change Enterprises, N. A. Lubas, P.O. Box 59, Gloucester, MA 01931.

DESIGNING FOR SAFETY

An Ominous Failure

Several years ago we ran a drill with my four children in our 10' Cape Dory dinghy. It was August. The water was warm and the dinghy was tied astern of our chartered cutter *Bantry Bay*, anchored in Sachuest Cove, near the mouth of Narragansett Bay. With the dinghy intentionally swamped and the water pouring in through the centerboard trunk and slopping over the sides, there was no way that the dinghy could be bailed out—she just didn't float high enough.

There was no reasonable hope for self rescue.

The implications were ominous. The dinghy was much more than a plaything on the big ocean-going cutter; it was the primary transportation from mooring or anchorage to shore in any weather, and would likely be needed in the event of any kind of emergency on board.

And yet, the Cape Dory dinghy is a wonderful traditional design that meets even today's American Boat and Yacht Council (ABYC) standards for swamped buoyancy. This lack of swamped buoyancy is not unique to dinghies. Most modern rowing boats, canoes and kayaks are not designed for self rescue.

A Promising Success

Last spring we launched our prototype Pilot 26, the gig *Ockham's Razor*, at Marshfield. It was a calm day with only a small swell breaking on the beach. After the christening, conducted by my daughter Joan, and the obligatory ride for the designer, the crew got down to the business of familiarizing themselves with the

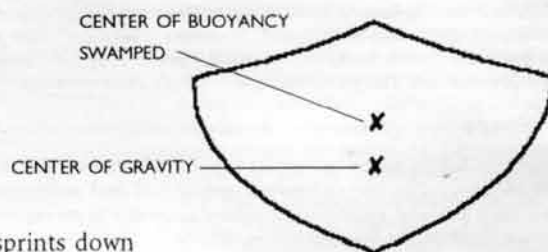
new gig. After a couple of sprints down along the beach and back the crew stopped well outside the breakers and stowed the loose gear in the boat.

I knew what was going to happen next. My son Frank had been skeptical when I had described the safety features that I had designed into the gig. Now he was going to put my theories to the test. Several of the crew moved onto the gunnel, forcing it under the water to simulate a mishap, a crabbed oar or freak wave that nearly fills the boat. The side of the gig sank lower and lower in the water as she nearly filled. Finally the crew returned to their rowing stations.

Ockham's Razor floated high enough for the crew to throw much of the water over the side with hand bailers. Within a few minutes they were able to row away, leaving the remainder of the water to be taken out by the double Anderson/Elvestrom bailers in the bottom.

Clearly we had come a long way from the swamped dinghy.

Because of our experience with the dinghy and because we use our Pilot 21 and Pilot 26 rowing boats both for racing and on trips to islands along the coast of Maine, where help is unlikely to be available, we have incorporated design features that substantially improve their capability for self rescue: (1) significant reserve buoyancy (placed high to encourage the swamped boat to float upright); (2) an inherently light, buoyant hull; and (3) a way of getting rid of the water.



Reserve Buoyancy

In real estate, the three most important things are "location, location, location." In self rescue, the three most important things are "buoyancy, buoyancy, buoyancy." With the boat swamped, even several hundred pounds worth of buoyancy, enough to meet the ABYC standard for this type of boat, is not enough for self rescue. The boat must float high enough so that water can be bailed and kept out.

Two features in our boats contribute to swamped buoyancy: large, strong, buoyancy compartments, and inherently light, strong construction.

In the Pilot 21s and Pilot 26s, large buoyancy compartments are formed in the ends of the boats by the Airex cored hull, deck and bulkheads. These compartments enable the boat to float high in the water even when swamped.

The graceful sheer on the Pilot 21 in the photo (at lower right) enables the buoyancy to be high enough in the boat so that the center of buoyancy is higher than the center of gravity of the hull (see sketch above). Thus the swamped boat is more likely to float upright.

Light Buoyant Hull

Ockham's Razor, shown off Eastern Point during the 1991 Blackburn Challenge (upper right), is the prototype Pilot

26. The production version, built in a female mold, will weigh less than 250 pounds ready to race. This is relatively light for a boat that is nominally 26 feet long with a beam of just over four feet. The Pilot 21 weighs about half as much. We could build them lighter but we are also interested in strength and longevity.

Lightness means that less buoyant volume is taken up supporting the boat and thus the lighter boat will float much higher than a heavier boat. If your builder uses a cored hull, substantial buoyancy is added with negligible loss in carrying capacity. And, of course, the cored hull is buoyant no matter what happens to the compartments in the ends.

In our Pilot 21s and Pilot 26s, we achieve lightness with strength by using modern materials, including vinylester resins, Airex foam cores, and nearly unidirectional fibers. The hull of the gig weighs just over one pound per square foot. The computer analysis of hull strength shows that a strip of this hull four inches wide and fourteen inches long, supported at the ends, will not begin to fail until a load of seven hundred pounds is applied at the center of the test strip. A wooden hull with similar strength would weigh over half a ton!

Getting Rid of the Water

Returning the boat to its before-swamped condition requires some way of getting the water out of the boat rapidly. Hand bailers, which may be as simple as bleach bottles cut diagonally, seem to work faster than pumps, although pumps may work better in a boat with a small



Photo: Lynne Layman

cockpit. In addition, we are using double Anderson/Elvestrom bailers, that work like Venturi tubes when the boat is moving, to take water out of the boats. The Anderson bailers may actually prevent a swamp by bailing the boat as you move along, preventing the water from reaching dangerous levels. We have observed, however, that we need to move briskly for them to work well.

I believe that these features are essential if a boat is to be capable of self rescue. Other designers may accomplish the objective of substantial swamped buoyancy in other ways. Some use inflatable bladders for buoyancy, others use foam flotation bonded into the hull.

Test Drives

When you go to buy a new car, you probably take it out for a test drive. When you go to buy a new boat you probably

take it out for a test paddle or row. Yet most boat buyers never think to test the boat for self rescue, or even ask if this is possible. Yet this is arguably the boat's most important feature.

Safety Drills

Whether or not your boat has the features that enable self rescue, it is a good idea to know how the boat behaves in a swamped condition; it may affect your trip planning. Self rescue is a complex process, unique to each boat, and as you practice, you will get better at it. Of course it is a good idea to practice under safe conditions, perhaps at a shallow beach on a warm summer day, with some capable friends standing by to lend a hand. Or perhaps in a warm pool at a rolling clinic. You get the idea.

Common Sense

Self rescuing features are important, and as consumers, we should be looking for boats that are designed with sufficient buoyancy for self rescue. But the ocean is a life threatening environment and our cold New England waters pose special hazards. Even boats capable of self rescue should not encourage anyone to go out in conditions that may be beyond his or the boat's capabilities. There is no unsinkable vessel, as the crew of the *Titanic* ably demonstrated. We should approach any open water passage with common sense and reverence for the forces and dangers that have played on the ocean long before we came onto the scene.

Chuck Mainville



Photo: Chuck Mainville

Above, the newest Pilot 21. At upper right, the gig *Ockham's Razor* off Eastern Point in the 1991 Blackburn Challenge. (She won her class in 3:08:25. —Ed.)

Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater* at CBMM This July

The Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater* will arrive at CBMM on Wednesday, July 5, and remain dockside through Friday, July 7. The replica sloop will be available for deck tours on Thursday, July 6 from noon to 5pm. The *Clearwater*, a replica vessel modeled after the Dutch vessels that sailed the Hudson River in the 18th and 19th centuries, was launched on May 17, 1969, from Harvey Gamage Shipyard in South Bristol, Maine. Those early cargo vessels were specially designed for the variable winds, currents and depths of the Hudson.

Sailing from town to town today, the *Clearwater* models her course after that of those historic Dutch sloops. *Clearwater* is recognized as America's Environmental Flagship and is among the first vessels in the United States to conduct science based environmental education aboard a sailing ship. In 2004 *Clearwater* was named to the National Register of Historic Places for its role in the environmental movement.

Following on, the replica 17th century trading ship *Maryland Dove* will be arriving at CBMM on Thursday, July 6, remaining through Monday, July 10. Local school groups will be touring the ship with *Dove* open for boarding to all CBMM guests from 9am to 5pm, July 8 to 10, with the public invited for free access on July 8 from 5pm to 8pm.

Lastly, the tall ship *Pride of Baltimore II* will be at CBMM on Friday, August 11, remaining through August 13 with deck tours offered from 9am to 5pm daily.

Clearwater Photo by Dorice Arden



Watch Log Canoe Races Aboard *Winnie Estelle*

CBMM is once again offering the opportunity to view Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoe races along the Miles River from its 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle*. The two hour scenic cruises depart from CBMM at both 9:30am and 1:30pm on Saturdays, July 29, September 9 and September 16. Boarding is limited and advanced registration needed at bit.ly/winnie2017.

These iconic Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes only race along the Chester, Miles, Choptank and Tred Avon rivers on Maryland's



News

Eastern Shore. With long masts and large sails, these boats keep upright as they accelerate to speeds of 10 knots or more, thanks to crew members climbing to the ends of 15' boards that hang off the side of the canoe.

Regular drop in cruises aboard *Winnie Estelle* are otherwise offered at CBMM Fridays through Mondays until October.



Small Craft Rentals

The summer season small craft rental program launched Memorial Day weekend, continues Wednesdays through Sundays through August 27, 10am to 4pm. Boats can be rented for as little as one hour to an entire day. Boats will be launched from CBMM's floating docks, located near the Steamboat Building. Participation is limited by the number of boats available, with drop ins welcome

but reservations encouraged.

Built over the years in CBMM's boatyard through the Apprentice for a Day program, the fleet of boats includes small wooden sailing skiffs, single and tandem kayaks and rowboats that are perfect for singles, couples or families. For participants wishing to sail but without basic sailing experience, CBMM also offers private sailing lessons including up to four participants per session and are available to each participant at \$50 per hour, or \$250 per person for a full day lesson from 10-4pm. Advanced registration is required for sailing lessons.

Further information and reservations are available from Jennifer Kuhn at jkuhn@cbmm.org or at (410) 745-4980.

Floating Fleet Gets Spring Spruce Up

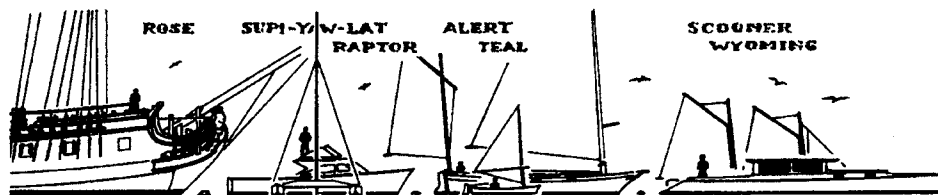
Under the guidance of Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Shipwright James DelAguila, the spring maintenance season for CBMM's floating fleet of historic vessels took place with all work done in full public view. Work proceeded with the most used and popular vessels, including the 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle*, which received some system upgrades and a fresh coat of paint thanks to the generosity of CBMM's dedicated volunteers and staff. The Smith Island crab scraping replica *Volunteer* and crab dredger *Old Point* received minor carpentry repairs, along with fresh coats of paint in advance of their busy seasons.

The skipjack *Rosie Parks* went up on the railway where a leak in the forward staving was eliminated and her Cummins powered pushboat was recommissioned. Additionally, a rebuilt transmission was installed on the draketail *Martha* which was in the water awaiting a final solution to her cooling system.

CBMM's floating fleet is part of the largest and most important collection of Chesapeake watercraft in the world with 92 vessels built from the 1880s to the 1980s, including wooden sail, power and row boats. All of the region's waterfowl boats are represented, along with most of the major types used in the region's fisheries, along with a good sample of recreational watercraft. CBMM's working boatyard maintains the floating fleet in working condition and stewards all objects in CBMM's watercraft collections. All work is done in full public view, with woodworking, boat building and other maritime related educational programs offered in the boatshop throughout the year. To learn more, go to cbmm.org.

From now through 2018, CBMM guests can watch the progress on the log hull restoration of 1889 bugeye *Edna E. Lockwood*, with photos, project updates and more information at ednalockwood.org.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1349

Back from some heavy lifting Bob hinted at in the last issue, I won't be able to talk about that work for at least a bit. But revisiting those four dinghy designs and concept studies in the last issue seemed spot on for the sailing season upon us.

On the following pages I offer the final handout dated 2016 (or Mk.7) on the GAD-ABOUT aka "SACPAS-3" boat building project. Earlier versions had been quite useful to present the basics of the efforts through her construction. In fact, the earlier editions of these, printed as a 3"x4" poster pinned to a board, stood at the open door of the boatshop to explain and to draw folks in. "It's all on the poster" would be my frequent referral in case someone had slid past it and was about to ask most of the questions, the answers to which were right there. Folks took photos of it, better than trying to take notes.

But why Handout #7 now? In the near future there will be an update or two on what has happened to the project. After the unexpectedly extended process of building her, she was launched in summer of 2015, debugged and then run for a while to explore

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column #513 in *MAIB*
GADABOUT aka "SACPAS-3"
Landing Craft Personnel
Design #681

39'1"x7'5"x12"x225hpx25ktsw/Medium Load
 23rd in a Series of Articles on This Project

what is good about her and where the design via the final plans would need adjusting (afterwards we are always smarter). To recollect *MAIB* issues Vol 33 #4 through #8 (August-December of 2015) offered a lot of impressions and photos of her (see below) in her element, alive indeed, showing off, getting quite a few thumbs up, a narrative from launching to eventual haul out.

Built and launched to SACPAS-3 specifications by the US Navy as a go fast 25+ knots coastal patrol boat fit to be transported anywhere inside an ISO-40 Container, GAD-

ABOUT is now entering her second life as a go slower cruiser for two plus occasional two guests. She'll still fit inside that container for long distance transport or seasonal raccoon proof storage through storms and hard winters, in this life however serving as an 8 knots weekend retreat, weeks long cruiser, months long explorer, pushed along by a modest outboard purring while sipping thimbles of gasoline in contrast to that 225hp two stroke she hit the water with first to reach 25 knots with a solid load.

In fact, several readers had asked me about exactly such a go slower version of her. You'll remember that similar thinking had already been discussed in *MAIB* of February 2013 with the 8 knots ISO-40 Cruiser Preliminary on a dedicated displacement speed hull, see Vol 30 #10. While GADABOUT with her go fast hull geometry required certain adaptations, her 8 knots cruiser layout is indeed quite close to this geometry. But first this short refresher on the following two pages should bring folks up to speed on where the narrative ended. We'll take it from here in future issues.



Seven folks in her bow cockpit in Lane's Cove ready for a fine day on Ipswich Bay and Crane's Beach.



Gadabout with family load leaving Lane's Cove.



Cruising at 15-18 knots with ten folks aboard.

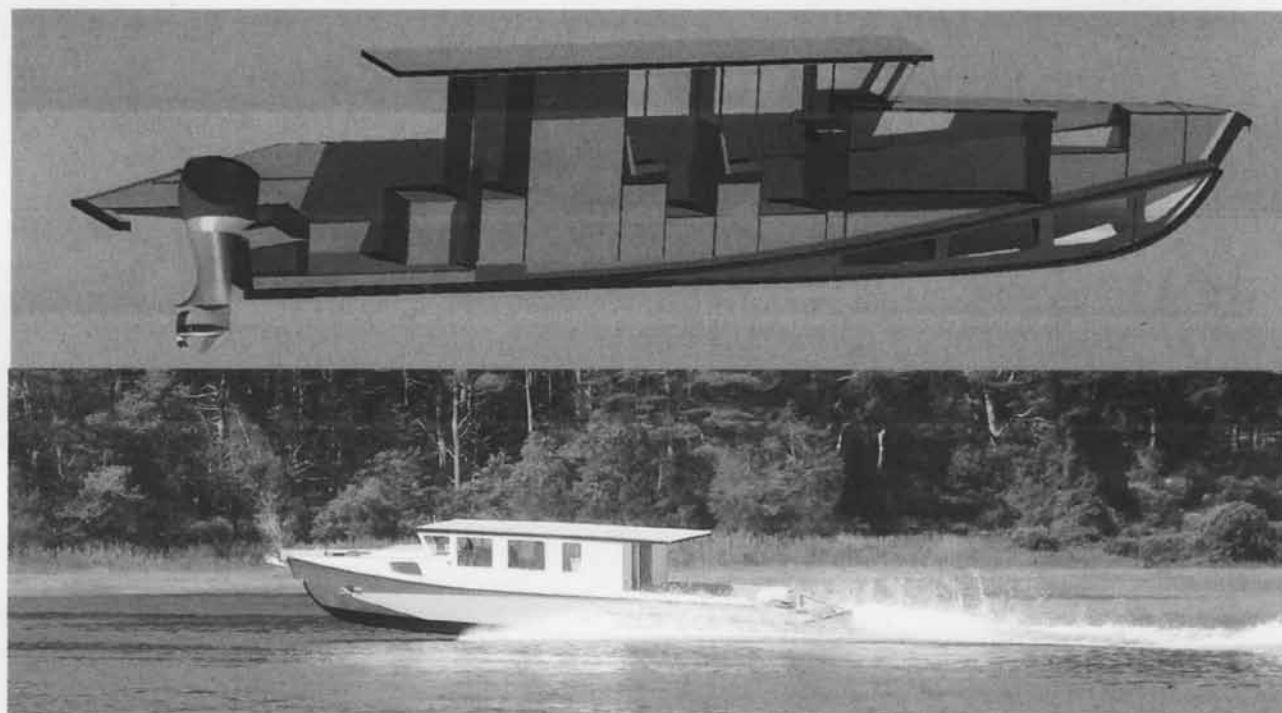


Drifting on Ipswich Bay with four in the bow, three in her after cockpit, two inside and one afloat.



PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC.
BOAT DESIGNERS, P.O. BOX 1209
66 ATLANTIC ST. FAX 978-282-1349
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930-1627, U.S.A.
philbolger@comcast.net

From a Computer-Aided Design to 3-D Reality - All To US Navy Requirements ***Reasserting Substantial Boatbuilding Capabilities here in Gloucester***



The Initial Mission of this Experimental Project:

“Can this Patrol-Craft Design be built as a Prototype for the US Navy by Gloucester low-income Non-Boatbuilders to adequate quality and performance ?”

If so, the US Navy would have taken these Plans and the Construction-Manual overseas to help poorer nations build their own riverine and inshore patrol-craft.

Based on collaboration since 2002, the Navy approached Phil Bolger & Friends Inc. of Gloucester to design this craft and hands-on manage the *prototyping* project on the shop-floor.

Since the boat has to fit inside a standard ISO 40-foot shipping-container, she measures

- 39'1" length,
- 7'5" width,
- 7'3" height
- at 6500lbs light load,
- w/ 225hp outboard on 200gals of fuel for 25+kts.

Her crew would be 2-4, with 8 additional troops deployable to the beach via the bow-gate.

Her construction is in advanced 90% *sustainable* plywood/epoxy/fiberglass/foam composite-construction.

After USN testing, she was slated to become a Marine-Biological Research-Craft for the State.

A Challenge under Sequestration Budget-Cuts:

What started as a promising collaborative effort between US Navy, the City and the State under the Design- and Project-Supervision of Phil Bolger & Friends (PB&F) soon began to suffer under what would never amount to more than a 55% budget for a 100% project.

Instead of 4, only 1 person remained on the job, without funds for a boat-shop, and with unpaid bills for materials, hardware and labor finally amounting to well over \$100,000.- in the accounts of PB&F. The project eventually became the property of PB&F and was sold to private interests to help recover those deficits.

And yet a Success. Several of the Experiment's Major Ambitions have been successfully demonstrated:

- She was built by non-boatbuilders from Gloucester.
- She has been constructed using 90% sustainably-sourced hull-materials.
- She was built in full public view before this community.
- Due to her hull-geometry she goes *faster with less power*.
- She would have been the 'greenest' boat in Massachusetts' state-owned research-fleet.
- The **Low-Carbon Design- and Construction-Technology** used, demonstrates an advanced approach that **can also immediately be applied towards building a modern Commercial Fishing fleet to reestablish Port-Sustainability**

One proven Baseline for 21st-Century Low-Carbon Green Commercial Boat-Building in Gloucester.

As an *Experimental Project* the inherent challenges and steep learning-curve of doing this demanding work from scratch *for the first time* added significantly to the construction-schedule. With this experience completed and fully documented, a *properly-funded* next project would go much easier, faster and thus indeed cheaper.

Next projects should focus on advanced Fishing-Craft and Research-Types. This project has already demonstrated that - as before in history - *this work can be done in this Port.*

As we reassert this Industrial Expertise, this community can build vocational and industrial capability - and thus our Jobs- and Tax-Base - to compete in the market-place by building 21st-century Low-Carbon boats for working- and pleasure-fleets here - and for clients elsewhere.



Let's work on doing this again and again to establish Leadership in Green Boatbuilding as a vital 'Green-Collar Jobs' -addition to Gloucester's Marine-Industrial and -Scientific future.

**America's Oldest Seaport should unambiguously pursue the Ambition to be
"America's Oldest, Smartest and thus most Sustainable Seaport" !**

Not much Time left ! We are only 7 years away from our 400th Anniversary



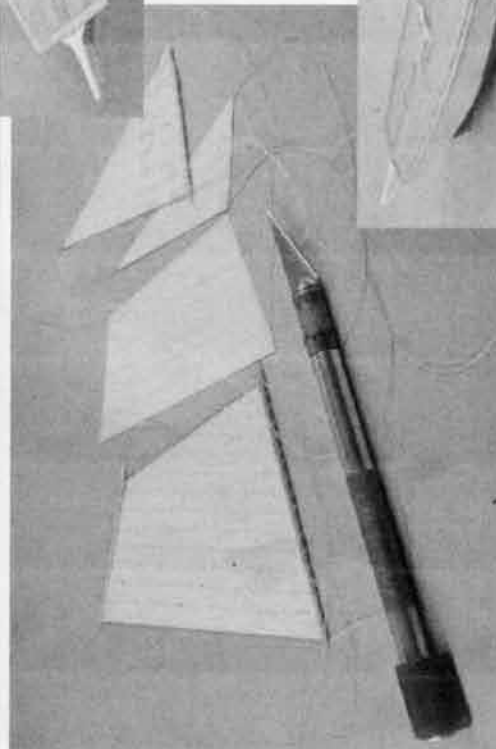
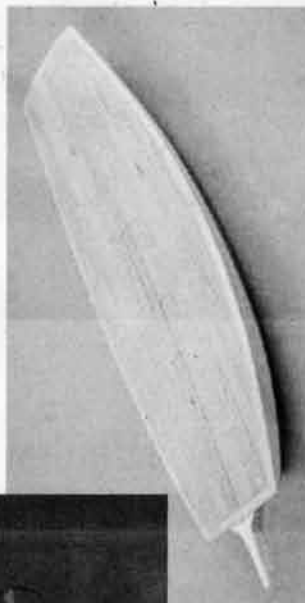
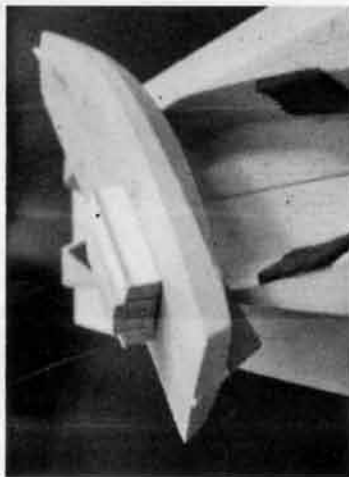
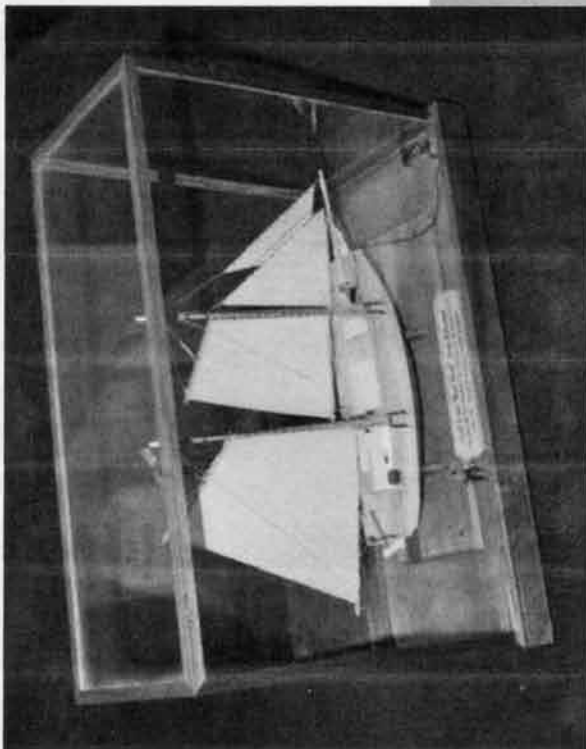
I, Sec/Ed, in Oct. 2011, I wrote: "(On) the ongoing Gulf Coast 'Butt Head' Scow Schooner project, the 1/96 (37.7") model has bits in place and deck furniture with painted topsides. The sails will be computer-generated and printed out on rag tracing paper. Mast hoops will be mounted, and spars laced before placement with shrouds attached. George Fehér was kind enough to send me some fine rigging line from his personal stash of fish lines and wires. I have found that there are no commercial needles fine enough to pass through the sails, and so while a needle point will be used to pierce the sails, lacing will be done with the thread itself, and stiffened with Elmer's white glue, per my experiments to date.

The mast hoops are too small to be made of wood, and on the advice of Alex Bellinger, my ships-in-bottles buddy in Newburyport, MA, I tried his technique of flattening strands of 0.009" dia. copper wire from lamp-cord. One advantage of this scale is that the materials come cheap. The wire is hammered flat resulting in a band about 0.004 x 0.013, that is work-hardened. Alex anneals his and wraps around a mandrel and clips them to end up with rings, but I found that for my purpose/scale I could work with the stiffer band and form the strip over a 0.093 brass rod, into an Omega shape, which I will try to use as the attachment by gluing the legs to both sides of the sails."

Subsequently, I laced the sail to the mast as well; rationalizing that every boat carried cordage and it was quickly replaced, while hoops were not readily. Think about the process of replacing a broken hoop at sea! I suppose if the ship carried a spare, and I've read that they did, it could be sprung on and riveted in place. Often a couple spares were installed, but would have to be relocated.

I spoke of making the tiny hull of 5 parts, split at the WL (for ease of painting) and CL, to make cheeks attached to the center plate forming the stem-keel-rudder post. Deck was individually planked.... hull & deck all basswood.

Do not sell short, FDA Approved Scale Lumber: Toothpicks, Popsicle Sticks, Tongue Depressors, Bamboo Skewers and Chopsticks.



This was a fun project, but your Editor is happy to have it over the horizon. The rigging was a challenge!

Some members of the Apalachee Bay Yacht Club are working to develop a radio controlled model sailboat fleet. There are two problems at the moment. The first is a place to sail the boats. The second is most radio controlled sailboats carry a warning about sailing the boats in salt water. A pond in which to sail the boats (as seen in most pictures of this activity) is not present at Shell Point in a suitable area. And the open, brackish water of the basin has a public launch ramp at one end and the exit to the Gulf at the other. There is constant powerboat traffic on the weekends, even sailing the Puffins in the basin is becoming a problem.

Radio controlled boats are becoming more common. For only \$35,000, if a boat is already properly equipped with radar and other devices, it can be controlled from at home. That way it can be moved from its winter location to its summer location without needing anyone to be onboard. Of course, someone has to watch things and be ready to take over the control of the boat, but we cannot have everything. And here I thought that going out on the boat for a cruise was why we have our boats.

When coming up to a pier or float to secure a boat, along with slow speed and caution, this activity involves a number of other considerations. When we were bringing either of our powerboats up to the float, my wife would get in position to step off onto the platform when the boat was alongside. She would then hand me the mid ships mooring line that I would quickly secure by dropping the loop on the appropriate cleat. The activity looked quite simple and easy to a bystander but it had involved a lot of practice over a number of years (and some "oops" along the way).

Coming to another float/pier involved a little more work since all the mooring lines were on the boat. In these cases, if possible, I brought the boat in close enough that Judy could hand the person on the float (if there was such a person) a line with an eye splice in the end. The person helping would simply drop the loop over a cleat on the float/pier and we would secure the boat. If no one was present she would step off the boat and drop the loop over a cleat (the bitter end was secured to a cleat on our boat). I would then hand her another line to secure and we would rearrange things to secure the boat properly for the location (tide, current, etc).

When getting a line to a person on another boat, it usually requires throwing the line as getting the boats close enough to hand a line across is not that easy. For some reason most people who have not been trained in throwing a line throw with an overhand throw (like throwing a baseball). The proper way, or so I was taught, is with an underhand throw with the coil of line unwinding as it goes through the air to the recipient (being sure the bitter end is attached to the boat). Also, the line is not thrown at the person, rather it is thrown to one side. In theory, the person sticks out an arm and the line is thrown so that it falls on their arm as it comes down (good luck in a seaway). Oh yes, it helps considerably if the line being thrown has been fed underneath the life lines before the throw is made. Once again, some practice in advance is a good idea.

Is the equipment on your boat identified with the boat's name, your name and/or a contact phone number? Every so often things drift by our float (or by the boat on the water at anchor) and we would retrieve




them. Nothing on them identified who was missing the item (i.e., boat hatch, fenders, etc). We would "pass the word" among the residents of the area and sometimes the owner would show up (no one ever came for the boat hatch). A name on those objects that might go adrift could result in the owner getting the item back. What brought this to mind were two dogs which showed up in our front yard. After getting them inside a fenced area I checked their tags for the name of the vet so I could call the vet and find the owner. In this case, there was a phone number on the back of a nametag for each dog. I called the number and was answered by the person looking for the two dogs. Shortly thereafter the dogs and owner were reunited and all ended well.

Do you have a church key in your tackle box or tool box? While originally used to open cans and bottles, the device is also handy to pry in small areas (the flat end) or clean out a crack in the wood or fiberglass (the sharp end). I carried one in my pack while camping in the Boy Scouts to help get a fire started on damp days. We used it as a can opener to open the can and pour the soup into the cooking container. We then used the sharp end to make some holes around what would be the bottom of the can on the sides and two at the top of the can. Then we cut out the bottom and had a nice little "fire pot" into which we put some small twigs and started the fire. The can held everything together and focused the heat upward. The openings at the bottom allowed airflow into the fire and the two on top allowed the smoke to escape. Adding more wood as needed allowed us to have a hot meal on a cool day. Oh yes, the sharp end is still handy when the "pop top" on a can refuses to pop.

If an inboard engine does not have electronic ignition, there is a rotor beneath the distributor cap with the spark plug wires inserted therein. When looking over the engine before starting on a trip, it might be well to push down on each of the wires to insure a solid connection. It seems that they vibrate loose over time. The wiring still works if not, but not quite as well.

KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Row & Sail Models

BAY of MAINE BOATS

P.O. Box D • Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
maineboats@roadrunner.com



Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

**Custom
Small
Boats**



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.



Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

**Custom Wooden Boat
Building & Restoration**



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

AREY'S POND

Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1951

**Proud Builders of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



14' Cat - 16' Lynx Cabin
16' Lynx Open - 16' Launch
18' Daysailer
20' Cruising Cat
21' Launch

Traditional Elegance

All boats built to the highest standards.
Hulls are wood or fiberglass with
teak or mahogany trim.
Solid bronze hardware,
Sitka spruce spars.

Brokerage Boat Sales
APBY Sailing School
Mooring Rentals and Storage

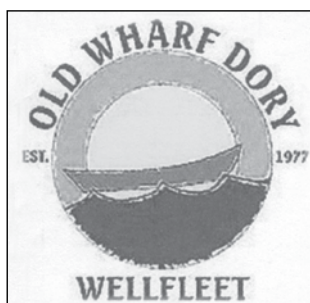
Box 222, S. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
www.areyspondboatyard.com

Quality Restoration and Repair



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667

Quality Restoration and Repair

Total Refit: 1898 Crosby Catboat.

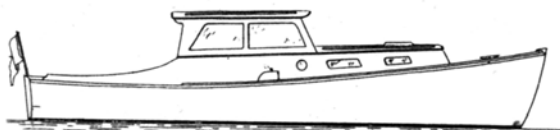


Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012

36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

www.haddenboat.com

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548

(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN



Call or e mail

Arch Davis at 207 930 9873

archdavis@myfairpoint.net

37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915

www.archdavisdesigns.com

*Penobscot 13, sailing
and rowing skiff,
little sister to the
well known
Penobscot 14.
Glued lapstrake
construction.
12'9"x4'3".
120pounds.*

*Rowing version
\$4,450.00.*

Sailing rigs available.

607-286-7099
SHOP
TOM KRIEG'S
BOAT SHOP
607-643-8492
CELL
PO BOX 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK 13326

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical
Boats
Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehansen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

YOUR AD HERE
\$6 / ISSUE
maib.office@gmail.com

It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!



Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>

Plans & Kits

GEODESIC Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$4.95

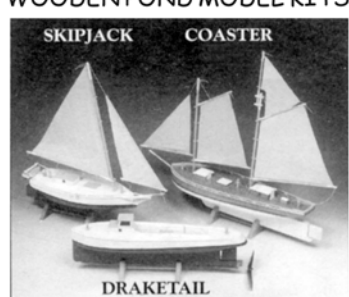
**INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
NOW ON DVD ALSO**

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd. MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504
<gaboats.com>

SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS

SKIPJACK COASTER
DRAKETAIL



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL
Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware
Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today
Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

SK
READERS
CHOICE
Sea Kayaker
MAGAZINE
2014
WOODEN KAYAK

PYGMY
BOATS INC.



**VOTED BEST
WOODEN KAYAK
2 NEW KAYAKS!**

Call for a **FREE** Catalog: 360-385-6143 | www.pygmyboats.com

SIMMONS
SEA-SKIFF
BOAT BUILDING PLANS

CLASSICS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COAST

- ★ 18-, 20-, & 22-foot plans available
- ★ Outstandingly light, seaworthy vessels
- ★ Plans with detailed instructions, no lofting

ORDER ONLINE
www.capefearmuseum.com/simmons

**cape fear
museum**
814 Market St.
Wilmington
North Carolina
910.798.4364



Robb White & Sons Sport Boat

Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip
planked skiff will plane two adults with
4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete
instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at
www.robbwhite.com.

Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799



BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com



21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors
Photo by Bill Ling

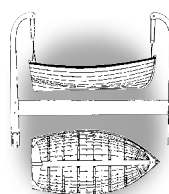
Jordan Wood Boats

P.O. Box 194, South Beach, OR 97366

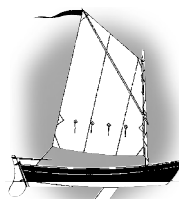
www.jordanwoodboats.com

Distinctive Boat Designs

Meticulously Developed and Drawn
For the Amateur Builder



CRADLE BOAT
BABY TENDER



BEACH CRUISER
FOOTLOOSE

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS
\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254

Gentry Custom Boats Plans and Kits



**Unique, Ultralight, Inexpensive
and Easy to Build Sailboats,
Rowboats, Kayaks, Canoes
and more.**

GentryCustomBoats.com



SWIFTY 12



A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$1175. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Demonstration video, \$23, VHS or DVD.

SHELL BOATS

561 Polly Hubbard Rd., St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645
www.shellboats

WESTON FARMER BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034



ATKIN

Atkin illustrated catalog. Containing more than 300 Atkin designs and new text. Famed Atkin double-enders, traditional offshore and coastal cruising yachts, rowing/sailing dinghies, utilities and houseboats. \$20.00 U.S. and Canada (post paid) and \$25.00 U.S. overseas airmail. Payment: U.S. dollars payable through a U.S. bank.

ATKIN BOAT PLANS

P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820
apatkin@aol.com
www.atkinboatplans.com

H.H. PAYSON AND COMPANY



**Plans • Patterns • Articles • Books
Instant Boat Series • Downeast Dorries • Model Building**

Visit our website @ www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or help with your project.

H.H. Payson & Company
PO Box 122
Spruce Head, ME 04859

Going forward in the spirit and tradition of Dynamite Payson.
Just Do It!

Dennis Hansen Boatbuilder

207-594-7587

CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
<http://conradnatzio.firetrench.com>

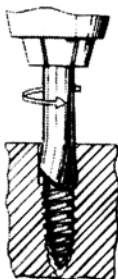
or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER

15 Lanyard PI
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491
c.natzio@btinternet.com



UNSCREW-UMS™ broken-screw extractors

Remove damaged fastenings. Minimal damage to wood. Hollow tool uses stub as guide. Sizes to remove screws from No. 2 to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

Supplies

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up to 24'.

Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307
Smithfield, RI 02917-0704
Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Sail for a Canoe

Excellent quality and design
\$329.00 plus shipping
National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association
http://canusail.org

Free rig plans
Newsletter: *Canoe Sailor* \$ 6
E-mail: canusailor@yahoo.com

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

TRADITIONAL MARINE STOVES



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

NAVIGATOR STOVES

409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

YOUR AD HERE
\$30 / ISSUE

maib.office@gmail.com

GAMBELL & HUNTER SAILMAKERS



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.

New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.

1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

DUCKWORKS BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service

www.duckworksbbbs.com



MERTON'S FIBERGLASS AND MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylester Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners

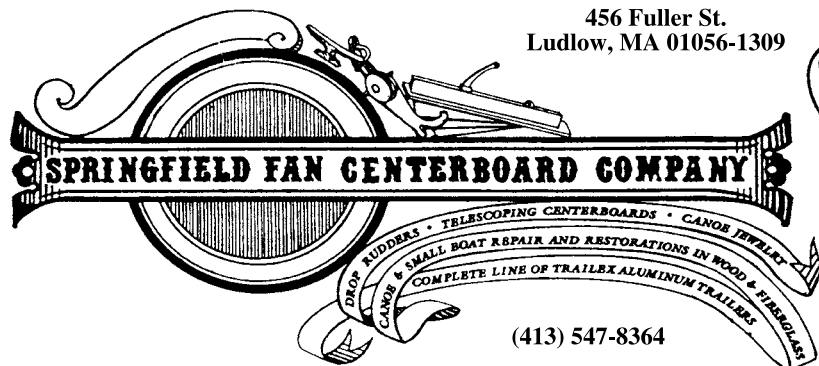
Quality Brand Name Products

Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

*Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.*

800-333-0314



456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309

(413) 547-8364

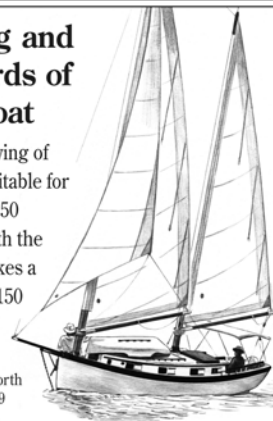
YOUR AD HERE
\$12/Issue

maib.office@gmail.com

Drawing and Notecards of Your Boat

A pencil drawing of your boat, suitable for framing, and 50 notecards with the drawing. Makes a great gift! - \$150

Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419



See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine

3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com



Small Craft
Sails
by
Sew Tec

Any Sail, Traditional to High Tech,
to 100 sq. ft.

Re-cuts, Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
In business since 1990 - sewtec.us
sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

Traditional Small-Craft Sails

www.dabblersails.com

dabblersails@gmail.com

Ph/fax 804-580-8723

PO Box 235

Wicomico Church, VA 22579

Stuart K. Hopkins, Sole Prop



CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Outrigger Sailing Canoe, Kai'A is a tacking Hawaiian outrigger sailing canoe from the Ulua design of Gary Dierking. Hull and ama of cedar strip construction encapsulated in fg. Propelled by sail, paddle or oar. Akas and outrigger seat of mahogany. 65sf crabclaw sail can be reefed in cockpit by brailing. Alum mast & laminated boom. Optional safety ama. 18' long, 18" wide main hull, all up 122lbs. Extensive flotation. Compl sailing package & custom fitted storage cover. No trlr, can be car topped or delivered within southern New England. Winner 2014 "Best Contemporary Boat" at MAS-CF. Asking \$2,000.

LARRY HAFF, Westborough, MA, (508) 981-1302), larryhaff@aol.com (8)

18' Ladybug Open Skiff, free to a good home. Wood coated w/epoxy. Hull built by Ken Martin on Cape Cod in 2011. Boat needs a little TLC but is useable. No motor or trlr. A 20hp o/b will put it on a plane. See September, 2012 issue of *MAIB* for pictures. I have a new boat. First come. DANE MARTINDELL, Lakehurst, NJ (732) 657-5135, leave message. (8)



Newfoundland Trap Skiff, \$7,500. John Burton, jbvmtme@hotmail.com (8)

22' Swedish Wooden Sailboat, Andunge or Duckling, vy popular in Sweden. Double ended canoe style w/6' beam & fixed keel, sloop rigged. Built in '60, in gd cond, ready to be launched. Comes w/trlr fitted to the boat. Some repairs were done at Gannon and Benjamin several years ago. \$5,500 OBO.

16' Century Cheetah Speedboat, a Resorter style boat. Restored w/rebuilt Chrysler 318 inboard engine, new shaft, prop, rudder & interior & repainted. Windshield is the 2-piece V from the older runabouts. I also have the original windshield. On a nearly new trlr that has been only in fresh water 3 times. \$6,000 OBO.

Bill NEDDERMAN, Middletown, RI, (401) 965-3970. (8)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to mail.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



20' Flying Fifteen, fg Uffa Fox design, International One Design. Look up the FF online. *Dart* lives up to her name. I will get 12 knots but the class has been clocked at 18. The new boats are lighter & much faster. *Dart* won the FF nationals 2 years in the '90s, not with me at the helm. I have had 2 boats in the water & found I sailed the FF much more. In light air she makes her own air once going to windward, she has a lot of sail & that is the most fun. When the wind is up finding the right tack on the right waves going at speed is quite thrilling. She is in a cradle on a trlr. The cradle is set on the beach at low tide and boat floated off with the reverse at haulout so the trailer does not have to go in the water. There is a good mainsail, jib and spinnaker. The standing rigging was replaced recently. I have had my share of boats & this is really pleasant to sail, sense of speed, dry, and secure. A success by Uffa Fox, \$1,000. I would like to see this boat to go to a good home.

JONATHAN COGGESHALL, P.O. Box 327, Port Clyde, ME 04855, (207) 3726687, jonathancoggeshall@gmail.com



28' Gaff Schooner Omoo, Launched '13. Strip planked, double ended w/outboard rudder, wheel steering, 9.9hp Johnson in motor well, twin inline daggerboards, new sails. *Omoo* is an enlarged version of L. Francis Herreshoff's "Carpenter" design. This is a very attractive vessel that gets favorable comment wherever it sails. See Craigslist: Maine Herreshoff. Asking \$4,900. VALMAR THOMPSON, Edgecomb, ME, (207) 8827637. (7)



16' Stevenson's Weekender, traditional rig w/ roadworthy trlr; both are registered. Plywood encapsulated in epoxy & glass cloth. No rot. Brand new never used sail from Dabbler Sail. Water ready. Mast steps & rigs easily by one. Asking \$1,150. **Nutshell Pram**, large version, 9.5', marine ply, water ready, set up for sailing w/new sail. Asking \$875. **Nutshell Pram**, small version, 7.5' vgc, set up for rowing w/oars. Asking \$725. Offers encouraged. Email for photos and details. GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY (nr Buf-falo), grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com. (7)

Passagemaker Dinghy, 11'9", (Chesapeake Light Craft). Stitch & glue okoume w/West Epoxy construction. Interior varnish, white Brightside exterior paint. Vy gd to exc cond, stored indoors except for summer. Rigged for sailing w/tilt up rudder & tiller, dagger board & mast thwart but sold w/o spars or sail. Extensive built-in flotation, oar locks, motor mount, home made boat dolly & custom fitted cover. Photos available from seller & information at CLC website. No road trlr but delivery available within southern New England. Asking \$1,750.

LARRY HAFF, Westborough MA (508) 981-1302, Larryhaff@aol.com. (7)

Klepper Aerius 20 Classic 2-seat Folding Kayak, in original bags. Needs nothing, seaworthy '70s boat. All original equipment, 4 paddles, seats, rudder, grt cond. \$1900. BILL MOULTON, Plainfield, VT, (802) 595-0859, vtboatbill@gmail.com (7)

MYSTIC RIVER BOATHOUSE

MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety, and value. Wing's Touring shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Plantedosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems
P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3
Oyster Bay, NY 11711
For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect

GOOD OLD BOAT

For the
Love
of Sailboats

Cruising sailboats
Trailerable sailboats
Homebuilt sailboats
Large and small sailboats
Good old sailboats

The magazine that every
do-it-yourself sailor needs



Good Old Boat

Get your free copy today!

Go to: <http://tinyurl.com/pxssdyf>



32' Chris Craft Cherokee Sloop, rare classic Sparkman&Stephens design, only 40 made. Fin keel, 5' draft, sloop rig, 6'+ headroom, approx. 9,000lbs displacement. *Titania* built in 1968 and has always sailed on freshwater. She's a great cruiser for a couple, responsive well balanced lots of fun to sail. I taught sailing & did day trips w/her for 20 yrs. She's easy to single hand w/tiller steering & comfortable cockpit. Decent main, useable jibs, Atomic Four rebuild w/low hours. Other gear incl inverter, high output alternator, new compasses, ground tackle, dock lines, fenders, steel cradle etc. Ready to sail, located on Lake Ontario near Oswego NY. Priced to sell at \$7,500.
SUSAN GATELY, Wollcott, NY, (315) 594-1906, susan@silverwaters.com (7)



Fujita Folding Kayak, PE 1-430 Trek Ex 14'10"x26.5", cap 320lbs, packed w/paddle 48.5lbs. Incl Werner 4pc Camano paddle, 220cm R.60° nylon spray skirt, foot pump, watershed deck bag, repair materials, instruction & VCR video. Purchased 11/03 \$2,800, like new cond. Asking \$1,400. **16' Shearwater Double Ended Pulling Boat**, designed by Joel White, plan from *Wooden Boat*. 9mm Lloyds Reg. Okoume ply construction, teak details. 8' Tendercraft oars & locks, carry cart, launched 10/9. Exc cond. Asking \$1,000. **Puddle Duck Racer**, Edge 627. PDRacer.com. Polysail International leg o' mutton sail. Leeboard & rudder, beach cart, launched 6/12. Exc cond. Asking \$300. ROB ECKER, Sheboygan, WI, (920) 698-0784, robecker@charter.net (7)



10' Wherry Yawl, w/9' oars designed by Pete Culler. Incl sail. Gd cond. \$3,500.
JAY BLAKE, E. Kingston, NH, (603) 772-4154. (7)

GEAR FOR SALE



Nutshell Pram Parts, in VGC. Mast & spars, rudder, tiller, some rudder hardware. No sail. \$175 for all, make offer. Some parts may not be able to ship due to size or cost.

GREG GRUNDTISCH, Lancaster, NY (Buffalo area), grundyswoodworks@roadrunner.com (8)

Atomic 4 Engine, complete, suitable for rebuilding. \$500

LARRY DOW, York, ME, (207) 752-6345, sailsE32@aol.com (8)

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Boatbuilding & Sailing Books, large collection all in exc cond. **Wooden Boat Magazines**, #1-#203 plus indexes. Email for list & prices.
DOUGLAS SMITH, Garden, MI, smithdgra@gmail.com (8)

IMAGINE THE PRIDE YOU'LL FEEL on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Send \$9.95 for Book of Boat Designs describing 300 boats you can build.

GLEN-L, 9152 Rosecrans Ave, Bellflower, CA 90706, (888) 700-5007, www.Glen-L.com/MA (online catalog)

Shiver Me Timbers *By: Robert L. Summers*

Talkin' the Talk



messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

717

**PRSRT STD
US POSTAGE PAID**

PERMIT



6821 Rt 7, N Ferrisburgh VT 05734 (802) 425-3926

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com
guideboat@together.net

**Free catalog &
DVD on request**

It's remarkable over the years how clearly most of our customers remain in our memory. This boat belongs to Cassity Bromley, who is the Chief of Resources at the Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area. She wrote, "Here are a couple of photos and I'll keep looking for more. I've had the boat out on Yellowstone Lake, but didn't get any photos-- these are from Bighorn Lake on the Montana Wyoming state line -- I use the boat to access one hunting area in the fall, and some day will send you a photo of

me hauling out an elk or deer. So far just this pair of sheds. Going to try to go rowing down at Grand Teton this summer, and will send along any good photos."

We recall a the sale of a boat to a soldier serving in Afghanistan, who was ordering it for his father's 50th birthday. And another to the former director of the FBI, one who has not recently been in the news.

We recall the sale of a boat to a retired captain of a US Navy submarine. He rows his boat in the inter-coastal waterway in Florida and he did something no other customer has ever done...he wore out a set of bronze guideboat oarlocks.

We recall a man stopping to pick up his Vermont Packboat. And, as a surprise to his girlfriend who was with him, he bought her a matching boat. We have a photo of him blowing on his credit card, as if it was smoking. And also a photo of her giving him a big fat kiss.

